THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. 105, NO. 23 NEW YORK, MONDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1941 NUMBER 1410

The Harmony of Fronts

Good news on any front of the world war is good news on all, and when good news from each arrives in a single week, we are entitled to take courage for further effort.

The best news of all is the driving of the Germans helter-skelter from Rostov, for this city is indeed the gateway to Caucasus oil—not for the conquerors, but for the defenders. The Germans could not have got at the Baku wells themselves without a difficult campaign across a mountain range higher than the Alps, but they could at Rostov have cut the Russians' chief rail connection with these wells. Only less important is the news that the latest heavy German drive has been held short of Moscow, and driven back in places.

Just when the Germans can ill afford to withdraw planes or men from these regions, comes the news of the British penetration of Libya, surrounding the Axis forces and cutting their communications. The campaign is not yet won, but already it is an important diversion, and if it succeeds it will provide a necessary base for further operations in Africa and possibly in Europe as well.

No doubt these events affected the Japanese decision not to start a war with the United States and its associates in the Far East, at least not quite yet. They might even have checked somewhat Marshal Pétain's obvious intention to surrender wholly to the Axis, giving Hitler the French navy and the use of Tunisia, Morocco and Dakar. At least, the Führer may find himself in midwinter with nothing but a plate of cold and sour Vichyssoise.

Glass Jaw?

Landing a punch on the outthrust German chin at Rostov, the first solid one that the Nazi army has had to take in more than two years of war, Marshal Timoshenko also dropped the propaganda bureau of the German High Command to the mat. The best that the army's spokesmen could do in their surprise was to pretend that the evacuation was made voluntarily, "to permit German forces to carry out reprisals against the city's civilian population." It was both a dirty explanation and an unconvincing one. German firing squads never before found it necessary to back away thirty miles in a day in order to shoot civilians. The Nazi military dictatorship is magnificently trained to

CONTENTS

The Week 747

Editorials
- What Next in Asia? 750
- Labor and Defense 751

General Articles
- Program for Victory . . . Michael Straight 753
- War Profits: V . . . . . E. D. Kennedy 755
- Why the British War Effort Lags . T. Balogh 757
- Birth Control in Massachusetts . Eugene L. Belisle 759
- Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 761
- Stage Traffic . . . . . Stark Young 762
- Forgotten or Forgettable . . Otis Ferguson 763
- A Communication . . . H. N. Brailsford 764
- The Bandwagon 766

Correspondence 766

Books in Review
- Decline and Fall . . . . Malcolm Cowley 768
- Not Quite Inside . . . . Hubert Herring 769
- The Coach of Nippon . . . . Max Gissen 770
- Don't Break the Butterfly . . George Barker 770
- One Hundred Notable Books 771

Writers Under Thirty (A Special Literary Supplement)
- Introduction . . . . . The Editors 779
- Proust and Society . . . . Milton Hindus 780
- The Schoolboys (verse) . . Thomas Riggs Jr. 782
- Like the Sad Heart of Ruth (a story) . . . . . Peter Taylor 783
- The Poet Leaves a Burning City (verse) . . . . . Stephen Stepanchev 784
- Sonnet for My Husband . . Eve Merriam 784
- Trial and Error (verse) . . Kenneth A. Scholes 784
- Parade (verse) . . . . . Harry Brown 784
- A Loaf of Bread (a story) . . Robert Gibbons 786
- Two Poems . . . . . William Meredith 789
- Three Poems . . . . . Randall Jarrell 790
- Notes from the Largest Imaginary Empire . . . . . George Barker 791
- Two Poems . . . . . Jean Garrigue 794
- Two Poems . . . . . Joe Rothenburg 796
- Criticism and Commodity . Albert Guérard Jr. 796
- Lyrics . . . . . Isaac Rosenfeld 800
- Delilah Poem . . . . . George Barker 801
- Consider the Generals (verse) . Preston Newman 801
- Ode for School Convocation . . John Ciardi 802
- Time Is Hellbent for On (verse) . Judd Polk 802
- Poem . . . . . Dunstan Thompson 802
- My Landlady (a story) . . Isaac Rosenfeld 803

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1941, IN THE U.S.A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

win battles. The superman's glass jaw may be the inability to know how to lose one.

Family Affair

An atmosphere of "cordial courtesy" is said to have surrounded the meeting of Marshals Pétain and Goering. Reports from Vichy emphasize Goering's tactful manner, his polite dusting-off of the hot seat. It was not confirmed in Berlin that the meeting of marshals had any bearing on French naval assistance in the Mediterranean; if general questions of collaboration were all that came up, the meeting cannot be considered of prime importance. If, as seems likely, use of the French navy and African ports was the chief subject, Pétain was in a position to demand far more in return than was previously the case. It would be foolish to expect that his bargaining was of a kind that was favorable to the Allies: Pétain has committed himself to collaboration and his aim now must be to conciliate French opinion by gaining popular national concessions such as the release of French prisoners and the reduction of occupation costs. On their side, the Germans, pressed as they are, must do their best to retain the whip hand for subsequent meetings. It is a family affair in which we should place no hope on past loyalties.

Democracy Wins a Battle

The whole country will be delighted by the peaceful settlement of the railroad wage dispute. It will not be so unanimous, though it ought to be, in approving a larger increase of wages than the President's Emergency Fact-Finding Board originally recommended.

All parties to the dispute apparently evinced a statesmanship that was lacking, except on the part of the President, in the captive-coal-mine strike. The last thing the unions wanted was a strike at this time, and the next to the last thing was destruction of the mediation machinery which they had helped to erect and which has operated well in the past. The board itself was not too inflexible to revise its former conclusion in the light of more mature consideration. The railroad managements, if they had been like the steel operators, might have stood pat and let the workers take the onus of a strike.

The new agreement differs from the original recommendations in two respects; first, it augments the hourly wage increases (after one day, for the sake of the board's dignity, we suppose, at the formerly recommended rates); second, and more important, it does not make the increase a temporary one which expires automatically in a year. The headlines tell us that the award will cost the roads $300,000,000; they do not tell us that the railmen's pay has been stationary for years while the rest of labor has been advancing, that efficiency and unit labor costs have been markedly reduced, and that now at last the roads have plenty of traffic. If subsequently the managements fall on hard times again and cannot pay, the obligation on the country will be to proceed with the long overdue reorganization of our transportation system rather than to insist that the workers carry the burden.

Opinion and Sedition

For the first time in peace since 1789, Americans have been convicted of sedition on the basis of their opinions. A federal jury in Minneapolis acquitted the twenty-three defendants, members of the Socialist Workers' Party and the Teamsters' Union, Local 544, CIO, of the charges of seditious conspiracy to overthrow the government by force, which were brought against them in June of this year, but held eighteen of them guilty of disseminating propaganda to create insubordination in the armed forces of the government and to advocate force and violence against the government. As The New Republic pointed out in an article by Daniel Eastman (October 20), the evidence that these people had engaged in overt acts tending to overthrow the government was so feeble that it was necessary to look in some other direction for the possible motive of the United States Attorney General in instituting the prosecution. The New Republic noted the coincidence that this local had been formed after a break with the AFL Teamsters' Union led by Dan Tobin, and that Tobin had wired President Roosevelt asking that the men "be in some way prevented from pursuing this dangerous course." The arrests were made two weeks later.

The Minneapolis jury found no proof of overt acts, but held that the expression of opinions in print by the members of the Trotskyist party constituted sedition. Under the Smith Act of 1940 the defendants can be sentenced to terms up to ten years. The Civil Rights Defense Committee, in conjunction with the American Civil Liberties Union, is planning an appeal. The precedent of conviction for opinion in print is a most disturbing and unfortunate one, as the country stands on the verge of war and wartime emotions and intolerance mount.

Private Enterprise, or Housing

The House Public Buildings and Grounds Committee, of which Representative Lanham of Texas is chairman, has said that real-estate men should be "enticed" into supplying homes for the men who are building tanks and planes for the country's defense. It tried to entice them through Title VI of the National Housing Act, which guaranteed them against loss in private-home construction and divided all the risk between the government and the worker. That has not remotely begun to provide the necessary dwellings for the two million or so people who have changed their abodes at the demands of the defense program, as all disinter-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ested experts and all governmental housing authorities now agree, including Housing Coördinator Palmer, who is a former real-estate operator and has not been too cordial to public housing.

The President asked for $300,000,000 more last July, to build homes for 75,000 families. It was not nearly enough, but not even that has been appropriated. Defense housing should be rental housing. The government must build it. Rents should be frozen. Communities should be planned as wholes, with due regard for sewers, water supply and other utilities, and for schools and recreation areas. Those are the principles on which a sound housing program must be based.

The Times on the Air

Radio listeners who are weary of having hair tonic and chewing gum rubbed into their news broadcasts will welcome the arrival of The New York Times on the air. News broadcasts prepared by The Times's staff may now be heard over WMCA every hour on the hour from 8 A. M. through 11 P. M. on weekdays and at four periods on Sundays. In charge of the broadcasts is one of The Times's most experienced men, and the bulletins are written with that regard for accuracy and dignity which has made The Times an indispensable newspaper.

One innovation is to open each broadcast, which runs for three or four minutes, with the most important news item of the moment and then repeat it at the closing. There is no sales talk as such, and The Times's name is mentioned only twice. Unless they have powerful receivers, listeners outside the New York area will probably be unable to hear the bulletins. But the influence of The Times's program, a model of newscasting, may travel far. Radio advertisers should take note.

People 7, Opponents 0

New York's great backfield, Roosevelt, Wagner and Lehman (Al Smith still out with an injury), carried the ball once more in the fight to make New York's water power serve the welfare of all the people and not merely that of the utility companies. A new federal aluminum plant is being built at Massena, New York, near the St. Lawrence River. Power must be carried to it from the New York City area. The State Power Authority wanted the transmission line owned by the state, as part of the state's public-power system. Governor Lehman and Senator Wagner backed the Authority in its demand. President Roosevelt and the Federal Power Commission approved. The army will build the line, mapping the route by air, since speed is important. The project will pay for itself, and since it will be built on the west bank of the Hudson and will not run through Van Cortlandt Park, as the private utilities wanted it to, it will be an integral part of the New Jersey-Pennsylvania power pool. When the St. Lawrence development is authorized and completed, it will carry 1,100,000 horsepower of cheap electricity back to the consumers of the district. The people to whom the state's natural resources belong will profit from them. Touchdown.

Friends of the Refugee

The New Republic last week praised the work of the Emergency Rescue Committee, which has saved hundreds of men and women from fascism in Europe and which is now staging a drive for additional funds. This week we should like to call attention to the work of the International Relief Association, long a friend of the refugee. Since it was set up in April, 1933, immediately after Hitler took power, the IRA has cared for some 3,000 refugees, many of whom would certainly have perished by the Fascist sword without the organization's help. From September, 1940, through August, 1941, the IRA spent $55,300 on relief and rescue work; only 4.2 percent of that sum went to administration. The International Relief Association is now staging a new drive for funds. Its address is 2 West Forty-third Street, New York City. Snatching victims from the Fascist jaws is a task of paramount importance and vast dimensions. We commend the IRA's part in that task to our readers.

The Sun Also Rises

We don't know how Chicagoans feel about the name Marshall Field chose for his new daily—it's The Sun—but we do know of a New Yorker who thinks it's unfortunate. He is an executive of a book-publishing firm, and he is in sympathy with Mr. Field's progressive ideas. So much in sympathy that he arranged to have a best-selling novel on his fall list advertised in The Sun's first issue. After arrangements were made, it suddenly occurred to him that that particular novel wouldn't do for Mr. Field's forthcoming first number. Its title was "The Sun Is My Undoing," and its author, regrettably, was not Colonel McCormick.

Last Week

The horrors of war were crowded into the front pages of the newspapers by the approaching horrors of Christmas, which monopolized the other forty-seven pages in most dailies. In the words of the copywriter for L. Bamberger and Company, Market and Halsey Streets, Newark, "a glow spread over the country, warm and hazy." It seemed to be compounded of mysterious, tantalizing, unforgettable Amber, a perfume for a personality, of monogrammed suspenders, which were on sale at the smarter shops, and of heat from the typewriters in the advertising agencies.

Prince and Princess Gourielli want you to stop and have a cup of tea any afternoon at four that you are in New York, at their new shop at 16 East Fifty-fifth

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Street. "There is nothing in all New York this Christmas quite like Prince and Princess Gourielli's new shop." You will find hair and scalp preparations there, as well as marriage chests from Mexico, if you want a marriage chest from Mexico. . . . If you want a mink coat you can get one at Lord and Taylor's from $1,095 up, and if you want fabulous footstools, which are shoes with six-inch heels and exotic fruits on silver kid, you can get them at Bergdorf Goodman's. You can get Christmas cards anywhere and you've got to do it, no matter how much it hurts. "It's Christmas," as R. H. Macy says, "and you're on the horns of a dilemma."

The promised shortage of cellophane isn't the only simplification that war may contribute to the horrors of peace.

What Next in Asia?

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT before he became President wrote that there could hardly be a war between Japan and the United States because neither could get at the other in order to fight it. In addition to the physical difficulty of the project, there is the deterring influence that neither wants very much to make war on the other. Each is busy with more immediate enemies, and might find involvement on two fronts embarrassing. To these facts may be attributed in large measure the long patience of the United States in spite of its disapproval of Japanese acts in the Far East, and the apparent willingness of the Japanese to keep on negotiating as long as there is the shadow of a hope that by doing so they can avoid the choice between fighting and surrender. In this sort of situation, it is difficult to predict what will happen, even when a deadlock seems to have arrived.

What Sort of War? – If we assume that open hostilities do break out, what kind of war would it be?

At present, the United States, Great Britain and the Netherlands Indies have imposed embargoes on Japan which must in a year or two deprive her of the capacity to wage a modern war. At the same time, these nations are aiding Japan's chief active enemy by sending supplies to China over the Burma Road.

These would still constitute the chief means of bringing pressure on Japan if war were declared. The embargoes might be made more complete and be reinforced by a long-distance blockade. Aid to China might be redoubled. But the same things might be done if Japan does not resort to force, as long as she fails to disgorge her conquests. It is Japan's move.

Japan's only hope in fighting is to try to break through the blockade. She could hardly do us any more injury on this continent than when Mr. Roosevelt wrote. She might harass our shipping and attempt by forays to attack our navy. She might try to menace Singapore or Batavia. But that would be a desperate enterprise, while a combination of British, Dutch and American forces, with adequate bases near at hand (which were not available when Mr. Roosevelt wrote), lay aflank her sea routes. Even if Japan did not attack in the south, the Allies might feel strong enough to retake Canton and open a shorter route to Chungking.

If Japan assaulted the Russians in Siberia, or attempted to interrupt their supplies at Vladivostok, her cities would be subjected to disastrous air raids, while she could not reach the population centers of Soviet Russia.

Thus, while sufficient foolhardiness on the part of the Japanese might bring about naval engagements or land fighting in the tropical jungles of Malaya or Burma, the war would consist mainly in a process of economic strangulation which Japan would have little chance of arresting. She would doubtless attempt to hold out until the issue was decided in Europe. In the meantime her chief means of injuring us would be to hold as much of the British and American navies as possible in the Pacific—which she can now do just as well by a continuance of negotiation coupled with threats.

Will Japan Fight? – Unless there is some unlikely error in our information about the naval situation, sane strategists would never permit Japan to start such a hopeless war. They might advise continued threats of war as an aid to Japan's European allies. They might try to use these threats, with their effect in diverting from Europe a considerable part of our war potential, as a means of pressure to extort economic concessions. But the moment they engaged in battle, they would be gambling everything on the hope that Hitler would win before they were exhausted—and even so they would be further gambling on the hope that a victorious Hitler would not cast them aside, in their weakened condition.

Much has been said about the mystic belligerence of Japan's military cast, which is blind and deaf to rational calculations of interest and wishes only to extend indefinitely the Mikado's empire. Unwillingness to endure loss of face, even at the cost of destruction, might lead them to plunge ahead. If such considerations really do govern Japanese policy, and this country remains firm, war will come, and with it, the doom of Japan as an aggressive power.

Will the United States Fight? – In view of the hesitations in Washington which have allowed Japan to pursue her aggression to this point and have stopped to parley when firm economic measures were finally taken, one is prompted to wonder whether even now we shall not allow the Nipponese to wriggle out of their dilemma without abandoning their course of conquest.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Appeasement has exerted a strong influence in the State Department. The army does not relish the task of holding the Philippines while it is concentrated on training and equipping its new forces, and other belligerents are being supplied with our weapons. Though the navy is certain of its supremacy if it can concentrate in the Far East, it has other jobs in the Atlantic. No doubt the Japanese have been counting on these hesitations to reinforce their threat of war and gain from us a breathing spell. They hope for temporary access to essential war materials without paying anything in return except minor concessions or worthless promises.

We doubt, however, whether the administration, having gone this far, will present the Axis with a diplomatic victory. The Japanese game is too transparent. Even our diplomats will scarcely be deceived by a temporary truce which would put Japan in a stronger position when the showdown finally came, and might lead China to abandon her struggle altogether.

What is more likely is that Washington will permit the negotiations to be continued indefinitely, if that is the wish of the Japanese. We were late in putting the chip on our shoulder; and now that it is there, the tendency will be to hold back until Japan knocks it off. It will be calculated that the longer Japan waits, the more she will be weakened by the embargo, and the more we can reinforce China. We could hardly injure her war power more if she chose to fight. Japan, for her part, may speculate on the possibility of Axis successes in Europe, which would offer her an early opportunity to obtain concessions, if we should feel an urgency to transfer air and naval power from the Pacific. In any case she would hardly make a complete surrender before it is far clearer that Hitler will fail in Russia, in Africa and in the Battle of the Atlantic. Thus there is a chance that the talks may be inconclusive and no action will follow.

If, however, Japan believes it too dangerous to wait, and strikes—say in Thailand—we shall undoubtedly pass from diplomacy into the realm of military strategy. Whether we hit back at once, and where, will depend on any joint plan worked out with the British and the Dutch. But it is most unlikely that we should not coöperate with naval and air forces in countermeasures if the Burma Road, Singapore or the Netherlands Indies were in danger. And there would not be the political opposition in Congress to a declaration of war that has inhibited us in opposing Germany.

What Would Be the Best Outcome?—The result most pleasing to us would be, of course, a genuine Japanese surrender without armed resistance. This seems unlikely now. It might come later if Japan waits in a mistaken hope for Hitler victories which could make it impossible for us to fight her; in that event she would be much weakened by economic attrition, while our armed power would be stronger. We too, however, should be gambling by waiting, for the Hitler victories may come. Therefore we should have no great cause for regret if Japan decided to resist now. For the more she resists, the more quickly will she exhaust her reserves of material. And her menace might be eliminated in time to allow us to concentrate all our power in the final struggle with Hitler.

Labor and Defense

IT SHOULD BE AXIOMATIC by now that when the wild men of Congress began calling for repressive legislation, it means they have come up against a problem they do not understand. That is happening now with labor legislation. The next month will witness a pitched battle, in Congress and outside, over the questions of the cooling-off period, compulsory arbitration, penalties for strikes. There will be oratory more distinguished for the clangor of its sentences than the wisdom of its assumptions. And there will be bitterness. All this we must count as the residue left by the unprincipled struggle between John L. Lewis and the steel barons.

Yet the real determination of what lies ahead for labor will be made elsewhere and by other hands. As so often happens, the important fighting front is not where it appears to be. Congress can do a great deal of harm by repressive legislation. Yet, legislation or no legislation, what will determine the future not only of labor but of the nation as a whole will be the question whether the ordinary man can get a fighting faith in democracy and its war, the question whether he feels he has a stake in what he is called on to defend, and the question whether he feels he has had a share in building policy.

In contrast to such specific things as crack-down legislation and arbitration machinery, these may seem to be intangibles. But it is these intangibles that will make our history or break it.

America is in a better position than it has ever been to solve its problem of labor morale. For the first time since the outbreak of the war, labor leadership is almost solidly behind not only the social objectives of the administration but its foreign policy as well. The dramatic character of the captive-mine dispute over the union shop obscured a far more important struggle that went on at the time: the struggle between Lewis and Philip Murray for leadership of the CIO. The CIO convention of 1941 may prove a considerable historical event, marking the emergence of a labor leader of stature, democratic in his ends, scrupulous in his means, as shrewd in maneuvering as he is sincere in his aims, capable of getting and holding the affection of the rank and file as well as the loyalty of his subordinates. Philip Murray is, we believe, such a man. And the movement he heads can, at least for the duration of the war, be counted on to do its best to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

effect a meeting of minds with management and the government.

The great question for today is whether such a meeting of minds will be effected. Sidney Hillman's place in the government is a warrant that administration labor policies will be—so far as Hillman can make them so—liberal and resourceful. But it is clear from Murray's convention speeches that he has little confidence in either the intentions or the methods of the dollar-a-year men who are now holding top positions in Washington. He may be wrong or right, but those who know him best know that he does not have a closed mind. He is not one, like John L. Lewis, to rant against industrialists for the sake of the rhetorical effect. But neither is he a person who will submit to a program in which labor must bear the principal burden of winning the war, while all the blue chips go to the ruling economic and political groups.

The nation faces three big hurdles ahead with respect to its labor policy.

One is the hostile legislation now before Congress. With wise handling of this, temperate and yet firm, the progressives in the administration and in labor should be able to defeat the congressional primitives on their more extreme proposals. A waiting period before strikes may be useful, especially where collective bargaining has already been achieved. Instead of compulsory arbitration, which is strong medicine in a democracy, we can look forward to a reconstituted mediation and arbitration board to which the important elements in labor and management have beforehand given their support. Best of all would be a voluntary move on the part of both labor and management to exhaust every mediation and arbitration device before a strike showdown.

The second hurdle lies within labor itself. While the leaders of both the CIO and the AFL have declared themselves behind administration foreign policy, there is little evidence that the rank and file have been educated to the meaning of the life-and-death struggle in which democracy is today engaged. There are, of course, unions in which the rank and file are far ahead of the leadership; but there are all too many instances of unions in which the ordinary worker feels only a numbness about the war and foreign policy. One answer to that numbness is education and more education, not only by the union leaders but by the government as well, which has thus far failed tragically in the task of making of democracy an idea winged with fire. But another answer is that workers are human beings, that they must be reached by the propaganda of the deed, and that invocations to patriotism will be of no avail unless they are backed up by the reality of democratic intentions.

And that brings us to the third hurdle. The CIO has thus far been extremely skeptical of the administration and disinclined to coöperate. The CIO, under Mr. Murray, has now extended to the administration an offer of full coöperation. Will the administration move halfway to meet it?

Mr. Murray talks again of his industry councils. The subject deserves serious discussion. It is a plan for tripartite management-labor-government councils in each major industry to make the decisions by which that industry can best be fitted into the whole national campaign in the battle for production and the battle for survival. There will be those to whom this will smack of syndicalism or the corporate state, others to whom it will seem a repetition of the NRA. Yet it need not be any of these things. The NRA had to deal with the reality of collapsing prices, and it was natural that in such a set-up labor and industry should turn to restrictive practices. Syndicalism and the corporate state are possible only in a corporate society, which today means a fascist society. All that labor wants is a mechanism whereby it is made part of the deliberations by which major policies are determined that will shape not only labor's destinies but the destinies of the nation. It wants to bear the burdens and make the sacrifices that are necessary for all groups in our world. But it wants a hand in determining those burdens and sacrifices.

We must start, of course, with a national plan and a national policy shaped through our regular processes. But in fitting each industry into that policy, labor must have its voice. Ultimately, of course, where there is danger of labor-management collusion, the government representatives will require a veto power. But these instances may be few. And to those who argue that labor is not yet mature enough to bear such a responsibility, the answer is that it can learn only by doing. Labor in America is coming of age. The job of the American people now is to give it responsibilities as well as burdens that befit a mature labor movement.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

Editors: BRUCE BLIVEN, MALCOLM COWLEY, GEORGE SOULE, STARK YOUNG

Washington Editor: MICHAEL STRAIGHT

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

Assistant Editors: NIGEL DENNIS, BYRON DEXTER, OTIS FERGUSON, ELIZABETH HULING, HERBERT LYONS JR.

Contributing Editors: H. N. BRAILSFORD, VAN WYCK BROOKS, JULIAN HUXLEY, MAX LERNER, E. C. LINDEMAN, R. G. TUGWELL

Advertising Manager: E. G. WOOD

SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION, SIX DOLLARS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

EDITED AND PRODUCED UNDER UNION CONDITIONS BY CONTRACT WITH THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE GUILD, LOCAL 18, UOPWA, CIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Program for Victory

WHEN LORD BEAVERBROOK returned from Moscow in October, he spoke to the people of Britain and America of his and Averell Harriman's mission. "Stalin must be sustained," Beaverbrook said. "The Soviet Union must be enabled to enter the spring campaign with adequate supplies of all munitions of war. . . . These are the promises that we made to Stalin in your name. These are the pledges we shall carry out."

Today, that promise has become a program—the Victory Program. If we are to succeed in achieving its tremendous requirements of production, not only improved morale but many administrative changes are demanded:

1. We must establish a single Department of Supply.

Our immediate necessity is to mobilize all our resources for war production: we have failed so far because it is no one group's job. The War Department insists that the task of full mobilization belongs to the OPM; the OPM believes itself to be an advisory body to the War Department. The SPAB, which is dominated by William S. Knudsen, is in no position to give leadership; the RFC, acting independently, is in a very good position to undermine what the SPAB does. The results are only too clear. British industry is on a three-shift basis; we have never got off a one-shift basis. Britain is 500,000 workers short; we have 4,000,000 unemployed. In Britain every tiny machine shop is producing arms. In America, production is held down because each bottleneck—propellers in aircraft, transmission gears in tanks, mountings in ordnance, the refusal of a few great firms to subcontract—is delaying our entire program. Duplication of authority, absence of responsibility are still holding us back.

2. We must free our War Department for military operations alone.

When the President finally and forcibly freed the War Department of its economic inhibitions, it outlined the Victory Program purely as an estimate of requirements. Now, government economists have proved that the program is within our power to achieve. Yet, so long as the War Department retains control of production, the Victory Program never will be achieved. The War Department personnel, from Judge Patterson down, may be trained to draw up contracts, but it does not have the engineering training to follow them through. In any industry, when a contract is signed, it is routine procedure for an engineer to review all worksheets with the contractor in order, if necessary, to get production on a three-shift basis and to ensure the fullest possible subcontracting. Any such action is contrary to all the training of the 800 field procurement officers of the War Department. Yet General Wesson, in charge of ordnance procurement, and General Miller, of air-corps procurement, have almost no engineers on their staffs. The Army Corps of Engineers is not trained for the job and the War Department is reluctant to take on outside men because their salaries would exceed the $5,600 limit of most army officers. Today, there is probably no defense contract providing for delivery after June, 1942, in which the delivery date could not be revised by a competent engineer. Only when the procurement officers of the War Department work side by side with engineers, and under the supervision of men who understand production, will production for victory be achieved.

3. We must staff our Department of Supply with engineers.

We must, at once, transfer all production and procurement functions from the War Department. Yet the personnel of our existing defense agencies is drawn, not from the factories, but from the financial and sales-promotion levels of corporate management. These men know no more about production than do the army officers.

When these men came to the OPM, full mobilization meant principally expansion of new facilities. They failed to obtain expansion. Today, while the construction of new facilities is still vital, the limitations caused by the inability of the machine-tool industry to increase production have put the emphasis on the conversion of existing resources to armaments production. The Victory Program demands the curtailment of all production of the consumer goods which are made from metals.

Because of shortages of raw materials rather than the good intentions of the OPM, this transformation is already taking place. Factories producing washing machines are being converted to produce gun mounts; the radio industry is concentrating upon field equipment for the army; refrigerator plants will soon turn out parts for aero engines; the automobile factories are getting down to tanks, trucks, aircraft guns and ammunition. Yet we have not even begun to face the real task. In Britain, as an excellent article in The New Yorker pointed out, candlemakers are turning out tank parts, manufacturers of cosmetics are producing cartridges, and the cartridge cases are supplied by beer-bottle-cap makers; dental-supply shops are providing the essential mechanism for the British Bren gun.

We shall never reach this level of organization with our present personnel. Subcontracting today is administered not by a staff of engineers, but by a group of ill assorted stock jobbers whose ambition appears to be to prove that the wolf of Wall Street is the savior of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little business. The Defense Contract Distribution Service, under Floyd Odlum, is concentrating principally upon saving small manufacturers by getting them a cut of the raw materials that should be going to defense. As Robert Nathan, the hardest hitting of OPM officials, said in a recent speech, "Our slogan should be 'Use American Industry' and not 'Save American Industry.'"

The Victory Program will be achieved only when every tiny tool shop in every tiny alley is converted to arms production. Today, the government is groping in darkness. It does not know what machines we possess, for it has never taken a full inventory. It does not know to whom to give materials because it has no means of finding out what manufacturers or what navy yards are today hoarding materials that they do not need. If Chrysler holds up tank production by refusing to subcontract on transmission gears, nothing can be done because no government engineer knows whether Chrysler is presenting its case wrongly. Production is an engineer's task and must be given to engineers.

4. We must decentralize the administration of production.

Clearly, as defense production is increased, the system will have to be replaced by one of allocations. It is equally clear that, as the schedules of the Victory Program are approached, direct allocation of materials and machine tools will be necessary, not only between industries, but between individual factories within each industry. To do this, the agency which administers allocations must have complete information, month by month, of all the available materials, all inventories, and all productive facilities to which the materials must be sent. The task is so tremendous that, inevitably, as the program progresses, pressure will develop to transfer the administration of allocations within industry to the industrialists themselves. Yet, if this is done, the results will be disastrous. An immediate cartelization of industry will take place and the temptation to use the weapon of allocations to force independent firms out of business will be dangerously strong. If the administration of allocation passes to direct industry control, then the essential control of the Victory Program will pass with it and the New Deal will be over.

The alternative is to decentralize the administration of production. In Britain today production is in the hands of area boards. In Middlesex alone, where there are 4,000 metal-working plants, ten area boards correlate, on the basis of almost daily reports, all surplus supplies of raw materials with the plants which report that they are not operating on three full shifts. These area boards have succeeded in meeting 80 percent of the requests for materials which they receive from idle factories.

In America, a similar start has been made in Providence, where, on its own initiative, the Rhode Island Industrial Commission is distributing every week a list of all available machines in Rhode Island to defense manufacturers. Sixty percent of our arms production is today derived from two percent of the area of the United States. Within this two percent the Rhode Island plan must be duplicated many times.

5. Procurement must be under a Ministry of Supply.

In spite of such basic changes, a new agency of supply could still be undermined, as existing agencies are undermined, by power of the sort that Jesse Jones holds over the procurement of essential raw materials. That power renders the SPAB impotent to accelerate the flow of aluminum. It undercuts the strategy of economic warfare of the Economic Defense Board. Aircraft and ammunition-production schedules are delayed for months because of the bottleneck in finance. Again and again, Jones has not only sided with the monopolists, but has been unable to handle transactions in which time and not collateral is of decisive importance.

6. We must maximize non-defense production.

On this, no less than on full mobilization for arms production, the Victory Program depends. This year, our total national income will be about $82,000,000,000. Our civilian consumption will be about $62,000,000,000. The Victory Program calls for armaments production of more than $60,000,000,000 in 1943. That means that if we expand total production by 48 percent, we shall barely maintain our present consumption standards. But if we simply convert our existing production to defense orders, then civilian consumption will be restricted to $22,000,000,000, a level far below anything we experienced in our worst depression years.

Today, powerful forces in the government are operating to prevent the full increase in total production. Fear of inflation has led some Treasury officials to demand that our revenue of $9,000,000,000 in taxes be increased to $15,000,000,000 by June of next year in order to hold consumption down. It is proper to fear inflation, but these proposals will drive down the standards of low-income groups, to whom income taxes will be extended. The alternative is coördinated action along two lines: to educate American consumers to buy furniture, clothing, food and services instead of radios, refrigerators and cars; and to follow Britain's example in adopting such efficient means of price control and rationing that all excess consumer income will be returned at once to the government in the form of savings on the part of the rich, rather than taxes on the part of the poor. In these ways, the standards of lower income groups will be protected and morale maintained.

Only by these measures will our pledge to the Allies be kept.

Washington MICHAEL STRAIGHT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

War Profits

V. *The Automobile Changes Over*

THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY is in the midst of a transition from the manufacture of automobiles to the manufacture of aircraft and aircraft engines, tanks, guns, shells and other materials of war. So far, from a financial standpoint, the change has been beneficial to the companies. In 1940, the industry turned out 3,800,000 passenger cars and 900,000 trucks for a total output of 4,700,000 automobiles. This total was greater than the totals in 1926, 1928 and 1936, and has been exceeded only in 1929 and in 1937. For the first nine months of 1941, production ran considerably ahead of 1940, as the auto makers were turning out as many cars as possible in anticipation of wartime curtailment. Thus General Motors sold (United States retail sales) 1,802,000 cars in the first ten months of 1941, compared to 1,471,000 cars in the first ten months of 1940. Even allowing for reduced output in November and December, 1941 should be a 5,000,000-car year.

In the meantime, deliveries on war orders have reached very substantial amounts. The following table shows General Motors actual sales of war materials (not to be confused with unfilled orders, which are about four times delivered orders and are still mounting rapidly):

GENERAL MOTORS DELIVERIES ON WAR ORDERS	
Pre-1941	$77,700,000
First quarter, 1941	56,600,000
Second quarter, 1941	75,200,000
Third quarter, 1941	115,900,000
Total	$325,400,000

Chrysler's 1941 sales of defense materials for nine months came to $58,079,000. Defense sales are still small in proportion to total sales, as they have accounted for only about one-sixth of General Motors' and about one-eleventh of Chrysler's dollar income in 1941. But defense sales plus unusually high automobile sales have produced some extremely impressive dollar figures. General Motors took in $1,800,000,000 in nine months of 1941, which comes to nearly $6,000,000 a day. It is also about $600,000,000 more than GM received in the first three quarters of 1940 and about $300,000,000 more than GM's sales for all of 1929.

The industry as a whole had an income of more than three billion dollars in 1940 and ought to reach at least a three-and-one-half-billion-dollar income in 1941. Profits, however, are quite a different question. Last year, GM and Chrysler together cleared $233,000,000; Ford's net income was not (and never is) published; the rest of the industry, such as is left of it, did little better than break even on the year. This year, the GM and Chrysler net income may be a little lower than in 1940; Ford will be again a mystery; the "independents" will show a big percentage increase but not many more actual millions of dollars net. The profit problem, however, will be discussed in more detail below.

An even more important consideration—since 1941 is almost over and, in financial circles particularly, the future is more to be considered than the past—is what may happen in 1942. Here the question is whether the decrease in automobile sales will be balanced by the increase in defense sales. The drop in auto production will certainly be pronounced. For January, 1942, the industry has a permissible maximum production (under orders from Leon Henderson's Civilian Supply Board) of 204,000 cars, compared to 418,000 produced in January, 1941. Even 204,000 cars a month would be a 2,500,000-car-year, but it now seems unlikely that the auto industry will be able to lay hands on enough steel for this lowered output. The auto industry normally uses nearly 20 percent of the steel produced. Even with much lower automobile and much higher steel production it is difficult to see how priorities and automobiles can avoid a major collision. Thus the 1942 auto output may drop to less than two million cars, and there is always the possibility—especially in the event of an all-out and full-dress war—that passenger-car production, at least, will be entirely shut down. It costs General Motors about $50,000,000 a year (in depreciation charges) merely to maintain an idle plant, and the bulk of the auto business is of course in the passenger-car field.

On the other hand, war orders already booked by the auto companies have a dollar value much greater than the dollar value of the automobiles sold in any peacetime year. General Motors has about $1,200,000,000 of war orders; Ford has probably in the neighborhood of a $1,000,000,000 defense backlog; Chrysler, now turning out eight tanks a day and hoping to make it sixteen a day by 1942, has more than $4,000,000,000 worth of government business on its books.

Some of the smaller companies have war business many times larger than their peace business. Willys-Overland has war orders of $55,000,000; its 1940 sales were only $14,600,000. Packard has $250,000,000 of war orders, mostly in Rolls-Royce plane engines for the British as well as for the United States Government. Packard's 1940 sales were $69,200,000. Hudson's defense backlog of $120,000,000 is almost exactly twice its $60,300,000 sales in 1940. The war is doing no good to the big auto companies. But the smaller manufacturers, who were almost driven out of business

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

during the depression and whose volume has been meager even in the recovery years, should find in war orders a temporary salvation.

And, from a buying standpoint, the War Department seems only to have begun to fight. The following table shows the larger GM war orders (those of less than a million dollars are not included) for October:

October	2, 1941 ..	$27,009,000	Guns
"	13.....	4,570,000	Trucks
"	20.....	8,099,000	Propellers
"	23.....	2,284,000	Guns
"	29.....	9,489,000	Guns
"	30.....	124,000,000	Plane engines
	Total.....	$175,451,000	

Ford got two tremendous October orders—on October 1 an order for $231,741,000 worth of planes and parts and on October 8 a similar order coming to $182,950,000. Ford is making mostly plane engines under a Pratt and Whitney license.

There is, however, one big fly in the War Department ointment. On army orders the operating profit is only about six cents per dollar sale. On their regular automobile business the big companies can make about fifteen cents per dollar sale. So it takes about two and one-half times as much war business to equal the peacetime business profit. There is no question at all but that GM, Ford and Chrysler would much prefer to make automobiles than planes and guns and tanks.

The smaller companies are not in the same position. They never make 15 cents on the automobile dollar; quite often they do not make anything on a good many million automobile dollars. Hudson, on its 1940 sales of $60,300,000, showed a loss of $1,510,000, and Willys-Overland's $14,600,000 sales in 1940 resulted in an $870,000 deficit for the year. The auto maker must hit a really big volume before he gets to the break-even point, and the small companies have a difficult time of it in even holding their own. So war orders are an unmitigated good for the "independents," but these companies have had such a small profit (if any) over the past ten years that a little manna from Mars should not be begrudged them. Besides, they will probably be right back behind the eight-ball as soon as hostilities cease.

As to how many *new* automobiles are actually needed for civilian use in 1942, this question can be realistically answered by the statement that no new cars are a necessity. There are more than 28,000,000 passenger cars in use in this country today and not more than about 33,000,000 families to use them. So we have about five cars for every six families. According to William Shirer in "Berlin Diary," German families are allowed only one egg a week. If a German family can get along on one egg, an American family should manage to exist with five-sixths of an automobile.

All of which brings us to the question of wartime auto profits and wartime auto taxes. On a before-tax basis, General Motors, Chrysler and presumably Ford are doing much better than they have ever done in any previous year. For the first nine months of 1940, General Motors showed a profit-before-taxes of $367,000,000—a really remarkable record for even the greatest money-making company in the world. It is almost exactly double GM's 1940 net-before-taxes, which, for nine months, was $181,000,000. At this rate, and without taxes, GM would come close to making $500,000,000 for the twelve months of 1941, which would be not much less than a 50-percent return on its invested capital of more than a billion dollars.

But General Motors will also have a record-making tax bill to pay to the United States Treasury. Corporations must now pay their excess-profits tax before paying (and deducting) their normal income tax; that is, they can subtract from their net-before-taxes only their excess-profits-tax exemption. Suppose GM does clear $500,000,000 before taxes. Its exemption, on the average-earnings basis, is $219,000,000.[1] The difference between $500,000,000 and $219,000,000 is $281,000,000. The excess-profits tax is 60 percent of this amount and therefore comes to $169,000,000.

On the same basis (that is, of $500,000,000 before taxes) GM's normal tax would be $103,000,000.

The excess-profits tax plus the normal tax would be $272,000,000, which would be GM's federal income tax for the year. On the other hand, the company, after taxes, would have a net income of $228,000,000.

Actually, GM will not make as much money in the fourth quarter of the year as it averaged in the first three, so both the income taxes and the net after taxes should be smaller than the figures just given. I should think, however, that GM should clear at least $200,000,000 in 1941, compared to $195,000,000 in 1940 and $183,000,000 in 1939. Chrysler has a big increase in 1941 dollar volume, but not much increase in net income, even before taxes. Higher tax rates are holding down the final profit, and for nine months of 1941 Chrysler showed an after-tax profit of $29,400,000 against $30,700,000 for the same 1940 period. For the full year, Chrysler may make about $70,000,000 before taxes and split this amount on the basis of about $35,000,000 net income for Chrysler and $35,000,000 tax income for the United States.

All the other auto companies together produce less than 10 percent of the annual output and commonly do not do either themselves or the Treasury very much good. Studebaker, financially the pick of the assortment, made $2,016,000 in nine months of 1941 against $450,000 for the same 1940 period. Nash-Kelvinator (the car business merged with the refrigerator business in 1937) will show a profit in 1941, but refrigerator output has already been curtailed to 55 percent of

[1] According to Standard-Poor's financial service.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1940 levels. Packard, Willys-Overland and Hudson will have a 1941 profit following a 1940 deficit; Packard's 1941 deliveries on its plane-engine orders already amount to more money than its entire 1940 sales. One of the financial services recently described Hudson as "an attractive low-priced armament speculation," a description which would fit any auto company except General Motors, Chrysler and Ford.

The auto industry came of age during the First World War when factory wages rose from about four billion to about ten billion dollars a year and automobiles—particularly other-than-Ford automobiles—became purchasable in previously unthought-of numbers. Ninety percent of the industry is now concentrated in three immensely profitable companies which can well stand any strain that the war may put upon them. So far, they have managed to combine a big peace-business with a big war-business so successfully that only excess-profits taxes have kept their net incomes from leaving all previous records far behind. Even should passenger-car production be entirely shut down "for the duration," the auto business would be far from wrecked. The small companies will make more money with munitions anyhow; the Big Three will have no difficulty in keeping the wolf several thousand miles from their doors.

E. D. KENNEDY

Why Britain's War Effort Lags

Lord Beaverbrook recently admitted that the British industrial effort has not been going well. Mr. Balogh's analysis of the British situation lays bare fundamental principles which the democracies must face.—THE EDITORS

THERE HAS BEEN much heart-searching in Britain in the debates on production. Now the cry for a more effective war effort has been taken up in the United States. The establishment of a more unified control under the Vice President, very much like the attempt to coördinate the British war effort by establishing a Cabinet Committee under Mr. Bevin's chairmanship last January, seems a beginning of a new effort to mobilize America's vast economic resources.

Such reorganization had vital results in England. Without the tremendous effort undertaken after Dunkirk, the Battle of Britain could not have been won. Since then war production has increased in spite of air attacks. Civilian consumption has been cut step by step. Production in the "non-essential" industries has been concentrated so as to release plant and manpower. New arms factories have come into production and are being manned by diluting skilled labor and training new. The compulsory powers given to the government are being used to close factories and shift workers. We were forced to take action mainly because of the growing shortage of labor. In due course the United States, which seems, like ourselves, to have been misled in its calculations about the vastness of the demands of total defense, will learn the same lesson.

The problem to resolve, if democracy is to prevail, is why these measures were and still are taken so slowly, almost reluctantly, when the extent of the menace of the Hitlerite war machine unfolded itself so clearly to everyone. Why have we not gone even further, when at least in Britain there was no limit to the willingness to serve and to sacrifice and no doubt in the determination of the government, led by Mr. Churchill, to wage war until victory? What is needed to achieve a complete mobilization of our superior economic potential?

The basic reason for this failure seems that the democracies are incapable of realizing or unwilling to admit that the demands of total war cannot be met by a patchwork reconditioning of peacetime economic structure. Achieving the maximum output of war supplies with the necessary speed cannot be done by just waiting until new factories are completed. It is not a matter of letting civilian consumption mount to a record level as a result of these preparations for increased arms output and then cutting consuming power by rationing and increased taxation. Most of our discomfiture is a natural consequence of the impact of the war needs on an economic system not adapted to it. It is the result of confusing democracy with the system of individualist enterprise, which cannot work in present conditions.

Wholehearted concentration on the war effort cannot be expected from a vast number of business men—especially the owners of small businesses—farmers and traders beset with private economic worries. As long as they are expected to run their own businesses at their own peril, they are bound to protect themselves against economic disaster, which in our present structure of society is equivalent to social annihilation. They have to safeguard themselves according to their own lights. Nor does the story end there. Most business men do not and cannot know what action to take to increase production to the maximum. They are working for a market. If the mechanism of prices and costs indicates that their products are wanted, they will produce as they obtain a profit. But this supposedly automatic control is paralyzed by the overwhelming demands of the state. The fault lies not with the "profiteer" but with the government which does not realize that the "hidden hand," if it ever worked, cannot work under wartime conditions. Finally, even if the business men

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were willing to incur personal and disproportionate hardship, they would still be helplessly bound by the fact that the organization of industry is based on the individual firm as a unit. They could not change managements or rationalize production if this demanded action *outside* their own single firms.

The study of how our economic system could be made to work has to start with an analysis of the limitations of the profit incentive in the present situation. The positive stimulus of profits has lost its effectiveness partly because it is impossible, in the short run, to increase the supplies of products needed for armaments. No increase in price could increase production. It has further lost its effectiveness because of the greater riskiness of new investment, in view of the probable post-war situation. Most of all it is weakened by the fact that the demand of the state is not limited by expectations and risk, as is private demand in peacetime. The state can and must procure finance necessary for the conduct of the war. This in turn brings about an unlimited increase in private demand which cannot be checked by taxation. Individuals and firms can draw on their capital to keep up the level of consumption, irrespective of taxation. Any speculation on their part would not involve risk: prices are bound to rise. The adaptation of the economic structure to war production is retarded both by speculation and by the insistent increase in civilian demand.

Loss and bankruptcy, which are the "negative" directive forces of an individualist system, also lose their effectiveness. An individualist economy could be adapted to the demands of total war production only by cutting off completely the income of those not engaged on "essential" war work. Their incomes in fact increase because of the insistence of state demand and the derived private demand. People threatened with extinction, moreover, will do their utmost to preserve themselves and will resist full economic mobilization if it means ruin to them (the case of the luxury trades, *e. g.*, motor-car salesmen, is a case in point).

The weakening of the profit motive need not be fatal —the profit motive, as we have seen, could not in any case work. But the positive stimulus must be replaced.

In Britain, the Civil Service sees its function at most in a control which is superimposed on a basically *unchanged* economic structure. It refuses to take the initiative. Thus a permanent negative character is given to the war economy. Some problems can be solved even with these lopsided controls: you can forbid the use of certain raw materials, you can control the use of skilled labor. But the distrust by the civil servant of "profiteering," the irritation at the business man, is added to the antagonism between capital and labor. Public and private interest are needlessly pitted against each other.

The incapacity to comprehend the working and the limitations of an economic system based on individual risk-bearing results in frantic attempts to cure symptoms instead of eliminating the causes of the disorders. The result is a free-for-all fight in which the large and well organized interests usually succeed in staving off or modifying such measures of the government as would hurt them. The weaker independent traders perish; but in the effort to survive they also retard government policy.

The story does not end there. Labor, seeing the "selfishness" of capital, seeing that in the war industries profits are increasing, and, above all, after a prolonged period of constant unemployment, having achieved a strong bargaining position in most if not all industries, insists on its own "rights." As long as the situation is not basically changed, it is right in clamoring for higher wages, not merely in "essential" trades, where high wages might attract the much needed skill, but also in non-essential industries. But here again the war effort is hampered. No coherent wage policy can be evolved.

Thus democracy drifts on until patent shortcomings, muddles and bottlenecks force action. Then action comes precipitately, without due preparation. The execution of it has to be entrusted to available "experts," who usually represent the great vested interests. They accelerate the dangerous drift toward a monopolistic organization. Compulsion must be used because time has become short. It is likely to be used to the detriment of the small men and the workers. The small trader has been hard hit in Britain, and compulsion is being increasingly applied to labor, in general one-sidedly, mainly because the labor leaders did not insist on comprehensive planning.

The failure to adapt the economic system to wartime needs, the failure to integrate the diverse interests by separating peacetime obligations and the peacetime distribution of income from the changes in production required in war stultifies the economic mobilization. It results in reluctance to enforce a radical enough change in production and consumption, because such change would entail far too heavy losses. Yet slowly but certainly it creates enough unsettlement to prevent full participation by everyone in the war effort.

The solution must be in the character of a compromise. We must create real national unity in the economic sphere. This entails on the one hand far more direct collective controls both over production and consumption, a temporary integration of industries, a comprehensive scheme of rationing of all goods whose production obstructs the war effort. On the other hand, it entails a generous scheme of compensation for the losses inflicted on individuals, rich and poor, so as to safeguard our liberty of action and choice after the war.

The gravest obstacle in the way of progress seems to be the continued prevalence of financial prejudice, alternating fears of "state bankruptcy" and inflation. An equally grave difficulty is the refusal of labor to contemplate central planning, with due safeguards, of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wage and manpower policy. Finally there is the haunting fear in some politicians' minds of the hate of all control entertained by business men. But that is a state of mind of an earlier day. What the business man *now* hates most is having to carry his risks and uncertainties. He would welcome planning if it meant safeguarding his financial position. But without the state's willingness to take a far more active role in the reshaping of the economic system, a role which at any rate in Britain has been strenuously resisted by the administrative machine, no real progress is likely.

Balliol College, Oxford T. BALOGH

Birth Control in Massachusetts

THE FIRST HALF of an important and highly significant fight by Catholic political action against medical and parental freedom regarding birth control in Massachusetts recently ended in victory for the Massachusetts Mothers' Health Council, formerly the Birth Control League of Massachusetts. The upshot of a long, hard battle is that on November 3, 1942, Massachusetts voters will decide by referendum ballot whether to adopt an amendment to the state's 1879 birth-control statute, which will allow physicians to give information on contraception and furnish contraceptive supplies to married people for health reasons.

Massachusetts, with a population 40-percent Catholic under the iron hand of Cardinal O'Connell, is the third strongest Catholic state. The Church indeed has disproportionate strength because of the large number of Catholics in political office. In Massachusetts, as elsewhere in the country, the Roman Catholic hierarchy has been almost the only important opponent of medical freedom and parental choice regarding birth control. Statistics show that birth control by some means has been a part of the Yankee mores for more than a century; and Catholic birth rates, particularly among the predominantly urban Irish, indicate that control of childbirth has also been a part of their practice.

The issue in Massachusetts is much more than just a fight to amend the old Anthony Comstock statute. It involves for the first time a political test of the power of democracy and science against the power of authoritarianism and dogma. The extreme reactionaries who constitute the unyielding core of the Church have overextended themselves this time and are being challenged; for in seeking to kill legislation which forces no one to do anything against his will, conscience or religion, they have branded the Church as an organized political minority attempting to force its will on a whole people.

The fight, a long and none too clean one, started when a social worker, a nurse and a physician in a birth-control clinic serving only married women were arrested under the old law. Raids followed, confidential medical records were seized and seven charity-supported birth-control clinics were closed. The State Supreme Court upheld the conviction of the three medical workers. Massachusetts became the only state to have declared a physician guilty of a criminal offense in providing contraceptive care to a married woman whose life might be endangered by pregnancy. (Oddly enough, later termination of such a pregnancy by therapeutic abortion is legal under Massachusetts statutes.)

It was obvious that the law must be amended by legislation. But no prohibitive birth-control statute in the United States, either state or federal, has yet been liberalized by legislation. It is only by judicial interpretation that various federal and state Comstock laws have been modified. There was, however, one possible way in which to by-pass the established legislative controls. If a majority of Massachusetts voters were in favor of medical and parental freedom regarding birth control, the Initiative and Referendum could be utilized. The first steps could not be taken until the summer of 1940 because of the shift of the Massachusetts legislature to biennial sessions. The Council used the interval to publicize the issue, gain supporters and organize throughout the state. Although a 1936 Gallup poll which asked "Should the distribution of information on birth control be legalized?" showed 70 percent of Americans in favor, 59 percent in favor in Massachusetts and 45 percent in favor in Boston, this majority had to be increased before a referendum could be tried.

After a year of hard work, another public-opinion survey in June, 1940, gave the movement a great impetus. It showed that 64 out of 100 voters having an opinion on birth control were basically in favor of it, and 82 out of 100 voters having an opinion on *medical freedom* regarding birth control favored that. While 55 out of 100 Catholics having an opinion on birth control were opposed, 72 out of 100 Catholics having an opinion on *medical freedom* were in favor of it. Immediate steps were taken for filing an Initiative Petition.

The opposition plunged into the fight, invoking all the traditional scare-machinery. Chester A. Dolan, senate Democratic leader, gave the keynote statement to the press: "Once again the exponents of that vile and repulsive practice of birth control with its concomitant vices, have raised their voices. . . ."

When Mrs. Margaret Sanger came to Massachusetts on a week's speaking tour to rally the voters to take the Bay State out of the Dark Ages, the extremists in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Church mobilized for action. A tremendous anti-democratic pressure campaign, the "Call to Arms," was organized by the faculty of Holy Cross College. It almost succeeded in preventing her from speaking in Worcester, but a wave of resentment against this attempted infringement of civil liberties sprang up among non-Catholics and Catholics alike, and she spoke as scheduled. An even more violent attack upon her right to speak in Holyoke gained her many new adherents all over the state, particularly among liberal Catholics, who were shocked that the hierarchy's opposition would extend to interference in Protestant church affairs.

With a distinguished list of doctors and leading citizens backing the movement, 50,000 signatures throughout the state were rolled up by 2,000 volunteer workers and registered with the Secretary of State. The initiative petition advanced automatically to the legislature for a mandatory roll-call vote in both houses by June 3, 1941.

From the start the Council never had much hope for the success of the initiative petition in the legislature. It banked on the referendum. And the frantic attempt of the opposition to prevent the issue from ever going to the referendum led former Mayor Frederick W. Mansfield of Boston, legislative counsel for Cardinal O'Connell, to take a step which may lose the Church the fight. He proposed to kill the bill under Article 48 of the Constitution, which excludes from initiative petition measures that "relate to religion, religious practice and religious institutions." Mr. Mansfield's attempt to make the issue a religious one shows all too clearly the readiness of certain members of the Catholic hierarchy to destroy democratic powers if they are being used to establish fundamental individual liberties supported by other churches but opposed by the Catholic Church. If a purely permissive measure could be excluded from initiative petition and referendum simply because certain religious spokesmen favored and others opposed it, almost any attempt to use this procedure could be destroyed by a minority group.

Members of the legislative Committee on Public Health, anticipating such an attack, themselves sent the bill to the Supreme Court for an advisory opinion. The decision of the Court, handed down by all seven Justices, three of whom are Catholics, utterly disposed of Mr. Mansfield's objection:

> The proposed law makes no discrimination by reason of the religious views of the persons within its scope. It neither commands nor prohibits any form of religious belief. . . . Indeed, it does not command or prohibit any conduct whatever on the part of any person. The proposed law is purely permissive. Religion is not a factor in its application, and, if approved by the voters, it will not interfere with the freedom of any person within its scope to act in strict accordance with his religious views.

Although the measure was voted down in both houses as expected, it was barely defeated in the senate. The Council never expected to win there, but has held its main fire for the 1942 referendum. The volunteer workers and supporters of the cause went into statewide action, and obtained 7,300 new signatures, 50 percent more than needed to place the question on the ballot. With 60,000 known supporters in 300 out of the state's 350 cities and towns, the referendum drive grows stronger every day.

The final outcome of the battle will not be known until November 3, 1942. The Massachusetts Mothers' Health Council expects to win. Either way the Church stands to lose. A Catholic victory at the Massachusetts polls is a defeat for the Catholic Church in America. It would mark the Church as a political party fighting legislation that would not interfere with Catholic behavior, and seeking to deprive the entire state of personal freedom of conscience and action in accordance with values endorsed by most other religious bodies in America. Repercussions of such clerical domination of medical and parental freedom in Massachusetts would reverberate in other states which have small Catholic and large non-Catholic populations and whose churches have approved of birth control and are already concerned about clerical control of politics. A victory for the referendum, after the Church had committed its entire lay membership to opposition, would indicate strikingly a new independence of liberal, forward-looking Catholics, of whom there are many, from political dictation by the hierarchy. More important even than the loss of actual political power would be the blow to the Church's prestige throughout the nation. It would be the first significant defeat, a defeat which might repeat itself on other issues in the next decade.

The Church can protect its moral authority only by withdrawing from the political fight against medical and parental freedom of choice while continuing to assert its determined position in regard to artificial birth control for its members. For not only Protestants, but Catholics also, suspect that no small part of the Church's pressure for anti-birth-control statutes in civil law is designed to keep in line the many Catholics who no longer accept its dictum on this matter.

What chance is there that in the future the reactionary group in the Church may change its mind? If we look back over the centuries, we see that rarely if ever has the Church gone on fighting indefinitely for a lost cause. It has always been possible to reinterpret doctrine to bring it into line with the necessities of a changed situation. But this is cold comfort to those, both within and outside the Church, who confront the implacable opposition in Massachusetts. Will the intelligent and reasonable group among the Church leaders see the dangers of the situation and exert their pressure? And will they do so with sufficient force, and in time? Lay Catholic reaction to hierarchical fascism in the Margaret Sanger-Holyoke affair gives some reason for hope.

EUGENE L. BELISLE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Notes

Congress and the 1942 Elections

NINETEEN FORTY-TWO is going to be a vintage year politically. The grapes of wrath already are on the vines. Many men now in public life will be trampled out with them. If the United States is a full-fledged anti-Axis belligerent next November, as now seems probable, legislators who have obstructed preparations for the fighting will find themselves ill equipped to survive the voting. There will be a congressional election next year, the forebodings of Charles A. Lindbergh notwithstanding. When the ballots are counted, this gentleman, along with lots of his followers in Congress, may wish there hadn't been. But it will be too late by then for the faint-hearted and the obstructionist to erase the records they are now writing.

The mental processes accounting for the behavior of these hold-out congressmen is hard to understand. They are all able to read the Gallup poll and other signs of the times. They must know that a growing majority of voters approve President Roosevelt's foreign policy. They must know that this policy calls for defeat of the Axis by methods which no longer fall short of war in the Atlantic and soon, in all probability, will fall even farther short of war in the Pacific. They must realize that the American people, however reluctant they may be to fight another war, will fight it with everything they have, once the nation is fully committed. And they will have no mercy on the timid.

A few among the large group of congressmen opposing the administration's emergency measures can be classified as conscientious objectors—those who still believe the world is big enough for American isolation and are determined to vote their convictions to the end. They are very few. A majority of the administration's congressional opponents are trying to figure out a way of winning reëlection next year. They are still not convinced that the President's policy of helping the foes of Hitler is popular and they are betting their political lives that it will be more unpopular a year from now. They are counting on several things: the post-World War disillusionment of a people that thought it had saved the world for democracy; resentment against an administration responsible for high taxes, high prices and the inconveniences imposed by a war economy; the supposed failure of the masses of Americans to understand either the international or domestic issues.

It is this kind of calculation, or miscalculation, that explains the strange contortions of the House of Representatives every time it is confronted with an important item of proposed legislation. The administration's defense measures (every important measure is directly or indirectly a defense bill) have been getting by, but often in devitalized form and by narrow margins. The simple bill authorizing merchant-ship arming was carried by only twelve votes. The complex price-control bill commanded a fifty-three-vote majority, but only after it had been mutilated by amendment.

The history of the price-control bill deserves attention. The cost of living had risen by about five percent from the time the Nazis marched into Poland until the time, four months ago, when President Roosevelt urged Congress to write a price-control law. In the interim, Leon Henderson had received what authority was left over from World War statutes and a vague executive mandate to hold wholesale prices in check. In spite of Henderson's efforts, prices climbed another five percent while the House Banking and Currency Committee dawdled. Finally, last week, the committee's bill was brought to the floor of the House. It was not a strong bill, but it was something which administration experts believed could be made to work. By the time the House got through with it, the bill was little more than a pious statement of hope that prices would not go through the roof and a jumble of provisions that invited frustration of the hope. The formula prescribed for control of farm prices, for example, would inevitably raise food prices rather than hold them down.

The farm bloc was, of course, primarily responsible for the formula. It controlled the committee that wrote the bill and the committee's chairman, Henry B. Steagall of Alabama. To Steagall and his colleagues, the price-control rumpus was a chance to do something for cotton. But the farm bloc was not the only offender. Southern Democrats, even after they had done their best for cotton, joined with conservative Republicans to remove all administrative provisions which could have made the legislation effective in controlling non-agricultural prices. It was much the same coalition that had stood in the way of other defense legislation.

Some of the opposition speakers were amazingly frank about their motives. Charles L. Gifford, Massachusetts Republican, told the House he was lining up with the Southerners on the farm-price issue because he wanted the farmers' vote for the Republican Party. Martin Dies, Texas Democrat, said he was against price control because Henderson was to be the controller, and Henderson, if not a Communist himself, had Communists on his staff. What Dies regards as a Communist, incidentally, is almost anyone who believes in or works for the New Deal. This is illustrated by the list of alleged Communists and Communist fellow travelers he turned over to the Justice Department last month. The list never has been made public, but it is said on good authority to include among the names of suspicious characters that of Dean Acheson, Assistant Secretary of State and once a member of Hoover's official family.

Other speakers were more discreet but scarcely more responsible. Some of them proposed imposition of ceilings on wages to get even with John L. Lewis. Some Republicans all but admitted that they wanted a price inflation because they felt sure the President, rather than Congress, would be blamed for it even if they voted against his control bill. Some of the Southern Democrats made it plain that while they did not dare vote against the President on foreign-policy issues, they could with impunity mess up his domestic defense program.

The price-control bill can and doubtless will be rewritten in the Senate. When the President eventually gets it, the chances are that it will be a reasonably effective bill. But the Senate can't recapture the four months lost by the House and its Banking Committee. There is nothing the President and the nation need more than public understanding of what the House is up to and a good congressional election.

Washington T. R. B.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stage Traffic

Theatre, by Guy Bolton and Somerset Maugham. Hudson Theatre. November 12, 1941.
Hope for a Harvest, by Sophie Treadwell. Guild Theatre, November 26, 1941.

THIS EVENT OF "THEATRE," with Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner, serves as a point of embarkation for Cytherea, as it were, taking that island, as it is in Watteau, to be the realm and glory of love and the theatre to be the realm of glamor and departure from the prose of everyday. This event signalizes a certain belief on Miss Skinner's part in the theatre as theatre: a notion that people exist who are more amused, or at least less bored, by the violent chiaroscuro and, if you like, escapist make-believe, of the theatre than they are by an evening that deals grayly with a family in the Bronx who are enduring the elevated's eternal rhythm of noise, are saying damn and bastard if need be, and eating bananas for some reason or other (as a matter of course all are exacerbated by the day's industrial drive and the wrongs of civilization—though civilization as hitherto known is the last thing they suggest to our minds).

It could be said, moreover, that the critic has a certain obligation toward the creative. In sum, if he makes objections or points, he should have some decent or useful suggestions to present. Which is to say that democracy is all very well for those worthy of its conception and discipline, but that it opens at least one heinous way to intellectual ruin when it, even faintly, suggests that among men who are all equal, all opinions, correspondingly, and all ideas are equal. A certain test of the critic, then, may lie in his ability to suggest practical, theatrical solutions for his random points. Otherwise theatre people may class his opinion along with anybody's old opinion.

From some of the accounts I had read of Miss Skinner's play I should have thought the occasion would be tedious. But on the evening I saw it, its audience was certainly entertained to a degree, and I myself was never bored, never suffocated by elaborate mediocrity as I was with "Candle in the Wind" or with specious and pretentious trashiness as in "The Land Is Bright." The story of "Theatre," based on a novel of Mr. Somerset Maugham's, is the same old thing, as many of the newspaper accounts pointed out, a story full of hokum, tricks and stale situations. It was summarily dismissed as theatrical—"theatrical" being something against it evidently.

As a matter of fact "Theatre" is not theatrical enough. Outside the customary familiar theatre terms, it makes no sense at all; but kept to those terms it has very engaging possibilities. Trying to make the whole occasion more realistic and convincing would get us nowhere, nor would putting in the kodak detail that we assume to be important, even though it is only stale stuff, nor would cutting down the glow and nonsense of it, the fantastic glitter and illogic. Profundity is one thing, and may, with talent, prove to be engrossing; the facile and stagey is another, and may prove to be engaging, even exciting. In both, though different in the degree exhibited of the obvious, the self-confessed or the blatant, the theatre is itself working within its own nature and not to be denied.

A few suggestions then: In the first act, for example, let the actress remember that she belongs to a special, nonsensical breed of mortals, most beloved when they are glamorous and unreasonable or even idiotic, and least interesting when they come within the daily flatness of ordinary living, calculation, groceries and newsreels.—Sarah Bernhardt had all the folly of the moon and the spell-bound fascination of a tiger in a cage. In the climactic backstage scene of "Theatre," when the play is going on, Miss Skinner would gain from having emphasized earlier the plain muss of the rehearsal, the stage problem and drudgery, the box office, all facts involved, as hard as nails. A towel around her head, for example, for that preparing, planning, sweating scene, a sense of rumpus and disorder and downright hammering at the facts ahead of the venture, the problem of how to make the play come off. This would heighten the contrast of the marvelous costume that Madame Pons has done for the Lola Montez of the play that Miss Skinner's actress presents—the prose theatre facts as shown beside the glamor. As things stand, Miss Skinner does not utilize fully this possible visual and easily effective contrast. She wastes the possibilities of the costume, so significant of the stage glamor involved—her entrance and all her movements for that scene need filling out into more exposition, shameless exhibition and delight, legitimate fruits of our beloved theatre nonsense (which is no more a game or trick really than the solemn, long-faced, would-be sociological tosh these days that gets into plays essentially no better). The use of glamorous, heightened make-up could also serve Miss Skinner and serve this scene in its gamut of contrast of stage with the more simply human and actual moments of the actress' private life as a woman. These few suggestions are enough to indicate the line on which Miss Skinner might easily bring her vehicle forward and make it more compelling in its own kind.

The casting in general is very fortunate, with the exception of the somewhat moth-eaten choice of Mr. John Moore as the young business man with whom the actress takes the taunting fling. Mr. Francis Compton has the precisely right quality for Lord Charles, the familiar understanding and ever constant heroine's friend of the old drama; and Miss Viola Roache as the actress' dresser gives one of those unfailingly sure performances of hers. Mr. Frederick Bradlee was an inspired choice for the actress' son, a young fellow torn between his good taste and the loving spell on him of his famous mother. Few young actors on our stage could approach his performance here.

As for "Hope for a Harvest," the Theatre Guild's offering of Miss Treadwell's play about America, the land, the trouble with us in general, is full of themes that are worthwhile, if rather unsolved by the playwright. The main story is of a woman who comes back from Paris after her artist husband's death and takes up the family land again, in the midst of Italians and Japanese and of hates and slumminess carried into the countryside. The writing itself is, on the other hand, overexplicit, pedestrian and dull. Mr. Fredric March, despite the lines very often, gave a fine performance as the cousin remaining at home, the man on the land in our country; Miss Florence Eldridge was admirable always, in so far as the author gave her a chance to be. The company was unusually good: with Miss Edith King, Miss Doro Merande, Mr. Alan Reed, Miss Judy Parrish and Mr. Arthur Franz.

STARK YOUNG

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Forgotten or Forgettable

THE NEW YORK STATE BOARD OF CENSORS, learning nothing and forgetting nothing, has recently been kicked around quite satisfactorily for its action in barring the film, "The Forgotten Village." The board seems to have no friends on the press, which in the movie departments was almost unanimously happy over the outcome; I have never heard of any audience demonstration in its behalf, or against any public matter on which it had been overruled; and this is the second prominent case on which it was flatly told to go home by the Board of Regents.

"The Forgotten Village" is out-of-the-way, but not an extraordinary film. With John Steinbeck to provide the script, Herbert Kline took a small company down to a buried Mexican agricultural village, not yet touched by modern sanitation and state health. There they got the natives used to them and easy before the camera, and got them to working naturally in what seems a mixture of native life and the acting out of the simple pageant of the film's framework in story.

In the story, the Mexican village is subjected to a plague, arising from foul water supply. In the main family taken for consideration, the boy's brother dies, his mother has a premature childbirth and his sister is taken sick. Going to the school teacher, he is told that what is needed is a doctor from the rural health-service organization. It is impossible to get the townspeople to agree to this, of course, so the boy goes off to the city in secret and alone. When the doctor comes, there is nothing he can do; the town is against him like a wall, and led by the old hokey-pokey witchwife is soon violent enough to chase him out. The boy is outlawed from his people and from his own family; but the note of hope is that as he goes to the city to study medicine himself, he will acquire that which his people need most, knowledge and skill in the new ways.

Mixed in with this, as you can imagine, are community scenes, the customs of the country, the way both of living and believing. It is all done with a stern avoidance of the brilliant in effects, and no hint of the picturesque; but there is a commensurate gain in the dignity of people; in the rightness—within the narrow bounds of their primitive training and poverty—of such a code of life. They are not emotionally expressive but they are not camera-conscious or silly, and much of the thing has the illusion of having been taken without their knowing it.

Technically, the film is not strong on dramatic appeal, and occasionally falls down on the time sense (*i. e.*, some actions spaced well apart in the life they represent pile into one another with nothing more than a cut and a jolt). Hanns Eisler's musical score is fundamentally right for this subdued type of story in this place, but seems rather thin and stringy, and not too germane to a simple but singing people. Probably the best thing is the absence of the usual announcer's hollow passions in the narrative tying it together. (Burgess Meredith is the Voice here.) What the film as a whole sets out to do is pretty minor, remote, and without much call for emphasis. But in what it does it is a good and honest job.

"Swamp Water" is so bad it's terrific. (Dudley Nichols takes discredit for the screenplay.) What the good actors say here cannot be held against them: Walter Huston, Walter Brennan, Eugene Pallette, John Carradine, Anne Baxter, Dana Andrews. But the hasty and absurd melodrama of the story is not to be excused in anybody writing later than the nineties; or in the direction of Jean Renoir.

Since the subject of the piece is the life of poor whites in the Georgia swamps, a Frenchman could be forgiven some of the awkwardness on grounds of the strangeness and bafflement of local custom and another language. But no more than ten percent. How many directors and writers are familiar with the Georgia swamps anyway? Renoir is a man whose work has been spotty: if he had a solid story and solid natural actors to understand and walk through it, he could make a good picture, and no one could say whether it hadn't been director-proof in the first place ("Grand Illusion"). If he had no more than was given him in a poor script, he could turn out a howling bore ("Madame Bovary"). And now in the present picture he is so far from any appreciation of pace or motion, the illusion of even fragmentary sense or reality, that the more perceptive are going to withdraw from the chorus, "Hollywood has ruined another great man," and begin a little revision of what has up to now been almost uncontested law: if a Frenchman can get out two films that will merely fit on the projector sprockets, he becomes automatically the Great French Director. You don't easily get to be a Great Director in Hollywood, but if you learn the job the way it should be learned, you can get to be a damn good one. Which is a different thing.

OTIS FERGUSON

Low-Gear Comedies. – Universal is quite worried about what to do with Deanna Durbin. Consequently her latest picture, "It Started with Eve," is itself a little uneasy and uncertain. This time they've tried to remove her from her pedestal by having her pinched, tickled and roughhoused by Robert Cummings to prove that she is one of us. It is all rather feeble comedy about a sick man who wants to see his son's fiancée before he dies; the fiancée can't be found, time is short, and so Deanna substitutes to cheer the old man's last hour on earth. But Deanna is so sweet that she chases death from the door and the deception has to be prolonged. By the end of the picture the young couple finds that the deception is for keeps. There are only one or two funny lines in the whole hour and a half, and Miss Durbin, who *can* sing, sings only a few songs. Charles Laughton plays the crochety old man strictly according to the character actor's manual and in a voice and accents intelligible to the first ten rows of the orchestra.

A better bet will be the latest Astaire picture, "You'll Never Get Rich." (It still isn't an Astaire-Hayworth picture despite advance publicity.) As expected, the dancing is excellent, with Rita Hayworth a competent and graceful partner. Fred Astaire has always had, in addition to his specialty, a certain ease in his part, poise in ridiculous situations plus a natural talent for comedy, and so he and Robert Benchley between them work out some merry doings. The plot, of course, is negligible: a Broadway dance director is drafted and spends most of his year in a guardhouse equipped with a full orchestra. But something ails the picture and it isn't hard to put a finger on it: there is no lift, no sparkle, no real gayety of the kind that made hits of the early Astaire-Rogers musicals. It doesn't sing.

M. B.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Communication

In the Eyes of a Briton

SIR: More than a year ago you gave me space for a communication in which I ventured to plead for the entry of the United States into the war. I have now to congratulate you on adopting as your editorial policy the same uncompromising position. I have nothing to add to your powerful statement of the case. But an Englishman who spent two months in your country during the past summer may be able from this experience to draw some reflections that may interest your readers. Few Americans can contemplate without alarm a future in which the United States might have to face a victorious Axis in isolation. But since the British Isles beat off the first attack by air, and still more since Russia became a belligerent, the fear of a total Axis victory has receded. Second, the majority of Americans believe that the manifold help they are now lavishing, short of war, is the best service they can render.

The prospect before us is more hopeful than it was when I first dared to put my case. I think we may now say what General Smuts said the other day, that a total victory for Germany is impossible. Our island may again be battered from the air and it is still conceivable that an invasion may be attempted. We are confident that we can defend it and that we can retain command of the seas. This means at the least that we can deny to the Germans access to the trade and resources of any continent save Europe, with the perilous exception of French North Africa. But that is not victory. A compromise on this basis with such an enemy would be either a brief truce or a moral surrender. Let me say bluntly that I cannot imagine either of these alternatives; there is and there will be no weakening of the will to resist; no conceivable compromise could offer us a life worth living.

We have, then, to pass from the phase of defense to the attack which will break Nazi power at its seat in the heart of Europe. In our attempts to think out this problem we have had to discard many illusions. Some obsolete minds trusted to our financial endurance; others exaggerated the effects of the blockade; some were unduly elated by successes won on the periphery, notably in Libya and the Middle East. But the illusion that still survives on both shores of the Atlantic is that the war can be won by air power alone. A bombing squadron is merely a novel and highly mobile battery of artillery. Allow what you will for its vast range of action, the fact remains that the final attack must be carried out by a land army. The most effective use of air power is as the Germans used it, first in Spain in the Ebro Valley, then in Poland and France, finally in their Eastern campaign; that is to say, as flying artillery which blasts a way for the advancing tanks, followed in their turn by mobile infantry. If this is what the advocates of air power mean, they are wholly in the right. In other words, allowing what you will for the blockade and, I would add, for the adroit use of political tactics, the final victory can be won only by a mechanized army coöperating with its aerial artillery on the continent of Europe.

But the belief is widely spread that the war can be won by the aerial bombardment of German factories, communications and cities. Some rely on the dislocation of the enemy's industry; others on terror. Both assume our eventual supremacy in the air. There is no doubt that much can be achieved in this way, though one might add a caution about the inaccuracy of bombing from a great height and the growing power of the defense. But it is enough to cite British experience. The Germans, with a great superiority in numbers, did their worst from September to May of the second year, and inflicted heavy losses. With gaps and interruptions, our economic life went on triumphantly: perhaps three percent of Greater London was ruined; our morale improved under the ordeal. What ground is there for supposing that a steady bombardment of Germany would effect much more than this? The geographical odds are not in our favor. Our island is a small and compact target, whereas the RAF must bomb not merely the greater area of the Reich but a large part of occupied Europe as well. The Germans, with their captured airfields at our doors, are nearer to their objectives than we are to most of ours. Finally as to terror: the Germans have many faults and defects, but cowardice is not among them.

Where, then, are we to find the powerful mechanized army capable of an advance upon the seat of the enemy's power? I need not remind the reader that the population of Greater Germany is nearly twice our own, and to this must be added, for what they are worth, the Italians and other satellites of the Axis. We have in addition the men of the Dominions and of India, but most of these, with a large part of our own army, are required to hold a scattered front that runs from Gibraltar past Suez to Singapore.

The new fact is the entry of Russia into the war. The Red Army has fought superbly; it has all the man power it can use, but it has lost already much of its industrial potential and may be fated to lose more. We have all regretted with dismay our inability to use, this summer or fall, the chance that came to us too soon. If we could have landed a powerful army, preferably in France, while all the enemy's shock troops with his tanks and planes were busy on the eastern front, we should not only have relieved a sorely pressed ally; we should have shortened the war and hastened victory. It could not be done, as Lord Halifax has told you, because of the shortage of equipment (chiefly tanks) and shipping.

A chance so fortunate may never come again. The Russians, as I write, still occupy on their long front all Germany's first-line troops. They have inflicted, but they have also suffered, heavy losses. Any estimate of the future depends on their ability, which we yet cannot measure, to hold the distributing centers of the oil on which their defense and their agriculture depend. It is probable that the Germans will soon be able to transfer to other fronts a large and growing proportion of their best troops. The longer we have to wait before we are able to land our own expeditionary force somewhere on the Continent, the stronger will it have to be. It is not, moreover, mere numbers that count, but a modern technique and equipment. The Germans overwhelmed France with only ten armored divisions. When we strike back, as one day we must, our armored force will be the vanguard behind which the manhood of the subject populations will fall in. If we have rifles to give

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them, they will hold the recovered country behind the spearhead of our advancing column and skirmish on its flanks. It is obvious, then, that a relatively modest contribution of American troops, let us say four armored divisions, would advance by many months the date on which this enterprise could be attempted.

After spending some weeks in America, I am well aware of the resistance this suggestion will encounter in nearly every reader's mind. Planes, tanks, food and ships by all means; patrols and even convoys if necessary; but not a declaration of war and, above all, not this time an expedition to Europe. That is what I heard from the pilot who brought our ship into New York Harbor, and I went on meeting that pilot wherever I traveled: he drove taxis; he edited newspapers; he sat in the Senate. I should have been less than human if I had failed to understand his civilized scruples and his humane reluctance. I should have been grossly insensitive if I had failed to grasp the massive American tradition behind this attitude. But I listened with a picture of a wrecked city in my memory, and I was tempted to reply that Americans will be fortunate if they can defend their liberties on foreign soil.

The rational objection on which conscientious Americans rely has been ably stated in your correspondence columns. It is that if the United States, with an army as yet imperfectly equipped, were to enter the war as an active belligerent, she would thereby delay victory instead of hastening it, since her main industrial effort would then be diverted to her own needs.

This argument assumes that a declaration of war would make no change in the atmosphere, tempo and direction of American life. On that may I make my frank comment, as a traveler who passed this summer from a country at war to a country at peace, and then saw his own land again with fresh eyes? Our British organization has had its muddles, its wastes and its bottlenecks. But with all its imperfections it is an organization for total war. In principle no activity is tolerated, unless it directly contributes to the winning of the war, and the maintenance of civilian life at a very modest standard; in practice we have come fairly near to this ideal. No men and few young women escape some form of service. We may dispute among ourselves whether a miner would be better employed in getting coal or in learning to drive a tank. But no one, least of all the miner himself, considers his interests or convenience as a relevant factor in the problem. Businesses are ruthlessly closed down or amalgamated; workers, women as well as men, are moved from one end of the country to the other in hundreds of thousands. The manufacture of such things as cars for civilian use totally ceased in the early days. Clothing, as well as food and oil, is strictly rationed; little cloth is produced, and that only of a few standard kinds. At all this inconvenience no one grumbles; on the contrary, stricter and more general rationing had been called for in the press and in Parliament long before the government imposed it. When the standard rate of income tax was raised to 50 percent, the assent, in the House and outside it, was unbroken and unanimous.

I do not suggest that Americans, if they enter the war, need go to these extremes. Your wealth and industrial resources are incomparably greater than ours, as your danger is less immediate. But may I put down in plain words the impression I received during my stay? I found myself in a country leading its normal life under boom conditions. If I know the facts, it is because you yourselves disclosed them in Congress, in the press and in reliable statistics with the customary American frankness. Left to itself, industry had raised its sales of civilian cars by 35 percent in the second year of the war, and resisted, as long as it could, a cut of 50 percent. I need hardly refer to the feeling aroused by the prolongation of the period of military training. That was wholly intelligible: why should the boys submit to another eighteen months of training, if they are never going to see active service?

To put the matter plainly, you are asking from industry, from consumers and from the draftees, sacrifices men will not readily make in this normal atmosphere of peace. That is not in your habits, nor is it in ours. The result is that the effort to contribute the maximum "short of war," moves, as everyone concedes, more slowly than you had wished and hoped. We are now officially informed that our joint production, American and British, for defense cannot equal that of the Axis until the summer of 1943. Toward midsummer of this year—the figure is doubtless a little higher now—only 15 percent of your immense productive capacity was being utilized for defense, which includes the doubling of your own fleet as well as supplies of all kinds for the belligerents.

No; a declaration of war would not impede your industrial effort. On the contrary, it would for the first time create the heightened temperature, the sense of urgency that fuses private interests for the general good, and induces men to submit to irksome controls and personal sacrifices. Given the atmosphere of war and the legal powers that can be boldly used only in a state of war, America's resources could be organized with ease to furnish more than you yet plan to supply to the British, Russians and Chinese, and in addition to equip your own army adequately.

That is the first gain which we might anticipate from a declaration of war. Second, it would end any remaining obstacles to the full use of your shipping in the common cause. Third, it would reinforce the British navy, which is perilously overstrained in the many tasks it has to perform.

Fourth, it would immobilize Japan. The defensive problem of the Soviet Union would become incomparably more hopeful, if she could without risk transfer her powerful Siberian army to the European front. The way to ensure this is to inform the Japanese that any attack on Russia will at once bring the American and British fleets into action against them. A firm note from Washington would in this way add more than a million first-line troops to the Allied forces.

We may rate even higher the moral effect of an American declaration of war. To us and to the sorely tried Russians it would convey the certain and rational assurance of victory. To the Nazis it would bring as surely that foreboding of defeat which saps the courage of soldiers and relaxes the muscles of workers. The submerged peoples of Europe dared here and there to begin their revolt when they saw the Red Army in the field. How much more would they venture if they knew that America stood stripped for action at their side? Finally, the dispatch to Europe even of a few armored divisions would hasten the end by many months.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I assume that if America enters the war, she will do so because she judges that she can best secure her own liberties and her future safety by fighting while the British and the Russians are still in the field. But I will venture to add a plea for urgency. As the months and years go by, the peoples of Europe must endure a slavery that grows steadily more intolerable. The children of the submerged populations grow up amid terror, with undernourished frames. If these conditions last much longer, the next generation will come to maturity with maimed bodies and twisted minds. I saw the misery and abnormality of Central Europe in 1919. It bred the restless and thwarted youth which chose in Hitler a leader who reflected its own distortions. The longer the slavery and famine last, the less confidently may we hope for a sane Continent capable of solving its own social and economic problems. We know that America in her generosity is preparing her stocks of food and medicine to relieve the physical misery of Europe, when war ends. Have a care lest your succor come too late. If this war should continue another two or three years, are you certain that there will be much to rescue? Already the weak succumb: the bravest face the firing squad, while the mass submits with degraded minds, in bodies that grow daily less capable of the effort that might liberate them. What you do, do quickly.

London H. N. BRAILSFORD

The Bandwagon

It would be going too far if anyone were to interpret Japan's program for the East Asia co-prosperity sphere as aiming at the immediate liberation of the oppressed races. – *Premier Tojo, as quoted in The New York Times.*

William Knudsen complained to Mr. Roosevelt about strikes growing out of disputes between unions and delaying defense production. The President passed the complaint along to Sidney Hillman, who is Mr. Knudsen's associate, with the suggestion that something be done about it. – *Item from "Washington Whispers" in The United States News, October 31, p. 48, printed in Magazine Abstracts (Vol. VII, No. 45), published by the United States Government Reports.*

To the Editor: When the imagination is running low in thinking of plots or ideas for stories, a great help can be found in the society section of a paper like The New York Sunday Herald Tribune. It is crowded with reports of engagements and marriages. Full accounts are given of the life histories of the two human beings—their colleges, occupations, ancestry, future plans and the honeymoon trip. With all that free it is not so hard to think of something these folks could do in a story. – *From a letter in The Writers' Journal.*

The Bird in the Gilded Cage

Denmark has been to date the showplace in Adolf Hitler's "New Order." It has not been thoroughly looted. – *From The Christian Science Monitor.*

Praise from Sir Hubert

Mr. Stalin showed joy, pleasure, satisfaction and relief on being told that we would give to Russia all the aluminum they had asked for. It seemed that a great burden had dropped off his back. I felt it my duty to say: "Mr. Churchill did it. He had the vision. That was his long-sighted view." And Mr. Stalin said: "The old warhorse." – *From a statement by Lord Beaverbrook reported in The New York Times.*

Or No

What happens in a case of this sort? Through the designation of an arbitrary age zone, does the show gain or does it lose? The only possible answer here is yes. – *From Edward Alden Jewell's commentary in The New York Times on the Whitney Museum annual show.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Germany in Exile

SIR: Suggest that you sponsor through your editorial columns a movement for free German government of Europe. Prominent German intellectual and political figures at present in this country should be contacted immediately to set up government in exile. Seat of German government should be a former old colony, England or United States. This group should press for recognition. Would have terrific propaganda value in Germany and all over world. If broadcast would give to German people new hope and encourage dissension. Hope must be given millions of Germans who fear defeat and victory alike. This might help offset subtle propaganda of approaching Vienna Congress.

Palo Alto, Calif. J. W. DAWSON

[What do our readers think of Mr. Dawson's proposal? The New Republic will be glad to hear their opinions. – THE EDITORS]

Mr. Biddle on Art

SIR: I felt a sense of shame for Mr. George Biddle when I read his "Communication" (The New Republic, October 27) in which he ridicules the modern European painters who have come here as refugees, and scolds the Museum of Modern Art for extending them hospitality.

Mr. Biddle, himself a painter, seems to be petrified with fear at the prospect of a few members of the School of Paris working here and exhibiting or selling their pictures through our galleries.

Perhaps I am being simple, but it has struck me that if the Nazis have directed to our shores a selection of the most gifted French and European artists, it is our gain. I know that some of them arrived here after suffering great hardship and financial ruin. They have got pencil and brush and taken up their lives again. I have talked with a number of intelligent American artists of this development and they seem to agree that the American art world will be stimulated by it and our own standards raised. A great art movement grows out of ferment, competition and give-and-take. We have become, in recent years, the leading country in music. If we remain free, we may be that in the field of the plastic arts as well.

The great School of Paris was great partly because it included, with its French members, Picasso (Spain), Brancusi (Rumania), Chagall (Poland), and so on. That was the antithesis of narrow nationalism. I do not accept everything the Museum of Modern

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Art exhibits; but no one can deny that it has done a great deal to encourage a large public interest in contemporary American art. It has also been cosmopolitan; it has recognized excellence, as befits a modern art institution in a great country. It has dared to show the surrealists—and their special and varied accomplishments should not be judged solely by the occasionally frivolous qualities of Salvador Dali.

Excessive imitation of your rival may be a sign of inferiority; but the desire to ban and liquidate his work before anyone can see it bespeaks the inferiority complex in its violent form. If we are going to be afraid to welcome and learn from a few distinguished foreigners, we are going to be a pretty flabby American art movement. We are going to have the kind of culture that is not worth saving.

Gaylordsville, Conn. MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

SIR: As a painter, I found George Biddle's communication to you shocking and depressing. No one can object to a serious analysis and criticism of Dali. One may, as well, find his methods of obtaining publicity and making money objectionable. But to brand painters one does not like with the vaguely political and all-inclusive epithet of "Isolationists" is just the kind of talk that threatens to stifle workers in all cultural fields during these years of super-patriotism.

At least Mr. Biddle owes us a definition of his terms. Just what "unwholesome, if not pernicious, influence" can French Modernism, in which, I presume, he includes "weazened, sapless and occasionally loud-mouthed *homunculi*," as unlike each other as Picasso, Juan Gris, Leger and Dali, have "on the present healthy trend of American art"? And what does this "healthy trend" consist of? Is he referring to the "Defense Art" illustrated by Life Magazine?

The tone of Mr. Biddle's "Communication," together with his historically inaccurate generalizations, is reminiscent to me. It is not very long ago that we read of large sections of German painting condemned as "degenerate" by the Nazis.

Art certainly "lives on life." But if a few modern American painters will be able to claim any social value for their work, it will be because they have succeeded in transcending the horrors of modern nationalism.

New Orleans, La. DAVIS HERRON

SIR: If Messrs. Josephson and Herron will reread my communication they may gather some comfort from my statement that "every significant artist alive today has to a greater or lesser degree been influenced by the school of French Modernism . . . a movement essentially dynamic and genial . . . [and] modern [French] design is essentially robust." So why all the pother and who, please, said anything about liquidating and banning art?

My thesis was that undue importance has been given "by the publicity methods of certain New York dealers . . . and by the official stamp of the Museum of Modern Art" to the Surrealists and certain of the more ingrown of the French Abstractionists. This emphasis—weighted by snobbery and kudos—can momentarily hold back the appreciation by the public of healthier trends. For Mr. Herron I would define those trends loosely as the run of the paintings exhibited by the Whitney Museum and the Works Progress Administration.

I termed the Abstractionists *Isolationists in Art* because their own credo denies any reference to, or analogy with, or interest in, externalized life. The credo of the Surrealists denies any validity of the conscious mind. This is a fairly emphatic withdrawal from reality. Why isn't my term a very explicit one?

One more word. Each communication contains a reference to Hitler and the implication (which I emphatically endorse) that healthy art conditions cannot tolerate censorship or banning of art. O. K. by me, but I would go a step farther. Healthy art conditions must also tolerate criticism. If I have reason to aver that the expression of Surrealism is unimportant, that its philosophy is self-confessedly decadent, and that the elements of its design are often meretricious, weak and inconsistent, why call me "shameful" and "shocking"?

I will wager a $5 bet with Mr. Josephson—for whose critical faculties I have great respect—and with Mr. Herron—whose opinion I value even more, as that of a practising artist—that if they will take a sample poll of 1,000 average Americans and of 1,000 average American artists, it will be found that 19 out of 20 ordinary citizens and 9 out of 10 painters agree with me. Which only goes to prove that the critical expression of such a reaction to certain phases of current art need not be too "depressing," and shocks sometimes stimulate.

Pacific Palisades, Calif. GEORGE BIDDLE

Author's Corrections

SIR: Because of a mischance I did not have the opportunity to correct proofs of my article, "The Results of the Five Year Plans," in the November 17 issue. I should like to point out three minor errors. On page 652 the phrase "in 1913" was omitted after "5 percent," thus giving the impression that the rise in the percentage of the working population from 5 percent to 40 percent had taken place in the single year 1939. On page 653 a centner is defined as 100 pounds. "Kilograms" should have been substituted for "pounds." On the same page, in reference to the livestock supply, the phrase "and the number of horses has again begun to rise during the past three years" was omitted. While Russia's livestock supply in general is now larger than before the revolution, the number of horses has declined since tsarist times.

New York City A. JUGOW

From The New Republic Mail Bag

From Dayton Beach, Florida, Alfred A. Abernethy writes to tell us how much he enjoyed the special section on Russia in the November 17 issue. Oscar R. Rice, Framingham Center, Massachusetts, thinks our editorial "Labor's Crisis" (The New Republic, November 24) is an example of journalism at its best. "It is a pity it cannot be given prominent place," he says, "upon the bulletin board of every union hall in the country."

A letter from Randall Hayes Clark, printed in the Mailbag on November 10, in which he offered a different picture of his state from the one presented by Senator Murray of Montana (The New Republic, October 20) has brought forth a strong protest from E. H. Manson, also of Helena. He says that thus far no one in that city "has been able to find any record of a Randall Hayes Clark," and that "if the polls he mentions were made by the publications to which he refers, they would be entirely without significance. The Carbon County News is published by O. H. P. (One Horse Power) Shelley, former Republican National Committeeman from Montana, and perhaps the most unconscionable enemy of President Roosevelt in this state. His paper's circulation is very small and confined to the county where it is published. The other paper, The Highway News, is published in Butte by a motor company and has no general circulation." Mr. Manson concludes: "Murray's support of the President's policies, both foreign and domestic, has the overwhelming support of this state's citizens."

The China Aid Council, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, in collaboration with the American Committee for Chinese War Orphans, is offering for sale a wide variety of Christmas gifts with a Chinese motif. Mail orders will be promptly filled. Part proceeds of all purchases will go to aid 25,000 war orphans and to further medical relief work.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Review

Decline and Fall

HERE ARE three writers, each of them dealing with a different period, each stating his personal vision of the truth, but all of them casting new light on the fall of France.

The first, Arthur Koestler, was born in Budapest, educated in Vienna and employed—until 1933—by the Ullstein Press of Berlin as a foreign correspondent. In 1936, he helped to report the Spanish war for The London News-Chronicle; the fascists captured him and sentenced him to death. In the summer of 1939, he was living in France, trying to finish a novel about the Moscow trials—"Darkness at Noon" was to be the title—and hoping that if war came he would be allowed to enlist in the British army. Instead he found himself at the mercy of the French police.

"Scum of the Earth"[1] is his account of what they did to him and how he managed to survive. Essentially it is the same story that has been told by other refugee writers, by Leo Lania and Hans Habe and Lion Feuchtwanger—the story of a country divided against itself, with its police in the hands of a fascist clique; the story of how the refugees, most of them eager to fight against Hitler, were arrested, lied about, beaten and half-starved in concentration camps almost as bad as those in Germany; the story of how most of them were released but arrested again at the last moment, just in time to be surrendered alive to the Nazis. "A few years ago," Koestler says, "we were called the martyrs of fascist barbarism and defenders of liberty . . . now we had become the scum of the earth."

This is by now a tragically familiar story, and Koestler hasn't many personal adventures with which to enliven it—certainly nothing to compare with Habe's escape from a prison camp, as described in "A Thousand Shall Fall." What he does have is an instinctive vitality and a sense of humor that he managed not to lose even when his situation seemed hopeless. He also has the gift of looking at himself and others with the eyes of a good novelist—not preaching or philosophizing or bursting into tears, but observing what people did and how it fitted into a general pattern that he leaves the reader to discern for himself. It is the pattern of decay, a pattern that began to be visible long before the invasion and that slowly became a part of everyday existence—not only for the refugees waiting to be arrested, but for the whole French people. "By and by," Koestler says, "the normal activities of life, seemed to cease to function around us. First the central heating in the house had broken down, then the hot water, then the lift. . . . Next the telephone was cut off, just on the day after the invasion began. . . . It was like *rigor mortis* slowly gaining one limb after another." And the invasion, when it came, was like a storm toppling over a tree already rotten at the heart.

[1] Scum of the Earth, by Arthur Koestler. New York: The Macmillan Company. 287 pages. $2.50.

Henry Torrès, in the days before the storm, was a famous Paris lawyer and a member of the French Parliament. From the United States, his country of exile, he has written a hanging indictment of the man who has become a symbol of everything corrupt in the Third Republic. His "Pierre Laval"[1] will later be reviewed at more length, but I should like to mention it this week because it provides the simplest of all the possible answers to the question why France fell. The defeat, Torrès believes, was the work of personal devils—"three to five hundred voracious parasites who were able to lay hands on a country, bare it of its substance and lead it to perdition." Laval was their leader.

Knowing most of the racketeers, Torrès was able to follow their maneuvers as they gained control of the press, the radio and many of the banks. He heard of their making a deal with the big industrialists, who were willing to pay any price to avoid a Communist revolution. Finally the whole crew of pimps turned bankers and bankers turned pirates made a new alliance with Hitler against the French workers. . . . Stated baldly, it seems a mad, impossible tale, something out of Balzac at his most romantic, yet there happens to be a great deal of truth in it. M. Torrès seems to be a reliable witness and he is always careful to give his supporting evidence. In the end, however, he leaves us with almost as many questions as he answers. Why, if he knew the whole story, didn't he reveal it to the public while there was still time to act? Was he afraid of being regarded as as silly idealist? Why was the French public willing to be ruled for so many years by gangsters and confidence men?

Louis Aragon partly answers the last of these questions in his new novel, "The Century Was Young."[2] That, of course, was not his principal purpose. He has been writing a number of books about French life before 1914—not a many-volumed novel like "Men of Good Will," but rather a loosely connected series on the model of the "Comédie Humaine." The first two books in the series dealt with the radical movement and with the attempts of the moneyed classes to suppress it. The new book, well translated by Hannah Josephson, is an absorbing novel of character and intrigue which apparently has nothing to do with politics—its subject being the private life of a professor and his family—and yet it tells us more about the weakness of the Third Republic than any number of political treatises complete with footnotes and vermiform appendices.

Much of that weakness is revealed in the character of the professor, Pierre Mercadier. He is intelligent; he has a private fortune, a pretty wife and a safe academic career in front of him. But he is an individualist, extreme and doctrinaire, believing in nothing but himself; and he deserts his career, his wife and his children to wander alone and

[1] Pierre Laval, by Henry Torrès. Translated by Norbert Guterman. New York: The Oxford University Press. 271 pages. $2.50.

[2] The Century Was Young, by Louis Aragon. Translated by Hannah Josephson. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 575 pages. $2.75.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gamble until his money is gone. And what then? Old and helpless, he discovers that every step in his life has been irresistibly guided by social forces; that the more independent he had tried to be, the less freedom he actually possessed. At the end, by irony, he falls into the hands of a crazy old prostitute, who cherishes him as the only pure love in her life.

There are other people in the story—spies, children, kindly Jewish teachers and a self-sacrificing heroine—but Mercadier rightly holds the center of it; he is among the archetypical figures of modern fiction. One feels in reading about him that there were too many of his sort in France. His pure selfishness, his lack of faith in any collective purpose, his conviction that all politicians were dishonest and that he himself would be dishonest in politics, his contempt for anyone who tried to help others and his deeper contempt for anyone foolish enough to work with his hands—all these qualities ingrained among the French intellectuals, and not unknown in this country, were the background against which corruption and treachery could flourish; they were the proper climate and soil for Pierre Laval.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Not Quite Inside

Inside Latin America, by John Gunther. New York: Harper and Brothers. 494 pages. $3.50.

THERE HAS APPEARED during recent weeks a large armful of new books on Latin America, chiefly by people who have made their quick flight around the circle, seen Cuzco, talked with Aranha, eaten *mole* and drunk *yerba mate*. These books bear the imprint of our best publishers; with a few exceptions, they are so filled with errors as to make one wonder what the publishers, let alone the writers, are thinking about. With hopes for the success of Pan Americanism, we can but pray that the Latin Americans never see them.

Among the ephemeral books, John Gunther's is the wittiest, the most trenchant, the least inaccurate. He worked at it. He flew 18,938 miles, visited twenty capitals and some outlying spots, talked with 17 presidents, 18 foreign ministers, took notes on 338 conversations, read some books. If the result does not live up to the impressive word "Inside," it is at least interesting, often illuminating. It will serve the public interest by inducing a few hundred thousands to take passing thought of our southern neighbors.

Gunther, an excellent reporter, knows his public's interest in personalities. "Inside Latin America," like its two sister volumes on Europe and Asia, is largely devoted to a succession of quick sketches of the men who run the Latin American states. Some of these are excellent—Cárdenas, Somoza, Haya de la Torre, Vargas. But Gunther often goes astray because of lack of familiarity with the environment and the history which have produced the men. He has not lived with the Mexicans long enough to know how Avila Camacho and Lombardo Toledano and Portes Gil got the way they are. He writes about one or another eminent statesman who now graces a large office in Mexico, but without being able to call up pictures of how that same man looked when running for office in Guerrero or managing the polls in Puebla. He seems a little too charitable in spots; he likes General Somoza, so spares him the drubbing which that *cacique* deserves. He lets Vargas off too amiably; Gunther's treatment of that dictatorship sounds like appeasement. He oversimplifies his characters; he makes Alfonso López sound like the crusader for liberal causes as over against reaction; there is a lot more than liberalism to the mighty López. In some countries, notably Venezuela and Ecuador, his characters seem to fade out; perhaps he did not stay long enough, perhaps they did not talk English, perhaps the scene was too complicated. In Peru, he fell under the spell of Victor Raul Haya de la Torre, which showed sound heart and head. The air in Bolivia was evidently too thin for him; furthermore he stayed less than two days; the results are commensurate. In Chile, he makes the late President Aguirre Cerda an interesting but not especially promising figure; ex-President Alessandri sounds much more exciting—as he is. In Argentina, his portraiture falls down for the simple reason that the leading figures are rather a colorless lot; he should have dug around a bit to find more significant Argentines. He discovered that Carlos Saavedra Lamas is "incredibly accomplished," which should be news in Buenos Aires.

The mistakes of the book are numerous, mostly unimportant, and are to be explained by the fact that he had little time, that he seldom got out of the capitals, that he was limited through ignorance of Spanish and Portuguese, that he had read little beyond second and third-hand sources. He can lightly refer to Córdoba as "that lovely town in the shadow of the Andes"—exact save for the fact that it is a city of 300,000, about as interesting as Wichita, Kansas; and so far from the Andes that you could not see them from a forty-story building with a telescope. He reports that Peru has had no census since 1876, whereas the reports on the unusually competent census of 1940 were being published while Gunther was writing his book. He has it that "Aguirre Cerda reached office by Nazi votes," forgetting that a sharp line must be drawn between Nazis and Chilean *Nacistas*. He says that González von Marées fired at Alessandri one famous day—it was González Videla who fired that particular shot. He refers to the Chilean war with Spain in 1866—he does not mention that it was also a Peruvian and a Bolivian war. He talks of General Busch, the gentleman was but a colonel; refers to his proved suicide, but the question of how he died is still an open question. These and many other minor errors may be overlooked, but some will bring offense to his Latin American readers. He refers to José de San Martín as the "creole adventurer." This is unpardonable, for all Latin Americans rightly regard San Martín as a devoted, self-effacing and long-sighted statesman.

The root weakness of the book lies in what it does not tell. Gunther shows no awareness of the social and economic confusions and struggles which lie behind and around the personalities which he describes. He mentions Indians; one gathers that there are some millions of them in Guatemala, Mexico, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia; one learns that they are picturesque and poor; nowhere in this book will you feel their long hunger, their miserable villages in the Andean valleys, their lost battle with mine operator and *hacendado*. He mentions the big farms of Chile and Argentina, cites some figures, describes the graceful life of an *estancia;* but you do not catch the voices of the peon and the *inquilino*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in these pages. I conclude that he spent no time in the shacks which line the long roads leading to the master's house. But it is to such people that one must look to understand the churning life of South America. Gunther essays some description of manners and fashions, but fails to explain them by reference to the long heritage of feudal discipline. He fails also to reckon adequately with the underlying economic forces. He knows about corn, wheat, beef, coffee, cotton, oil—but all these things seem added as afterthoughts, instead of explaining political fashions. Furthermore, I miss adequate recognition of the role of the growing middle class in Argentina, Uruguay and other lands; certainly the most hopeful force for democracy.

The creation of the larger American community can be served by sound interpretation. Latin Americans and Americans will find common cause as they cross national lines and attempt to depict what they have seen. But they must cut deeper than has Gunther. I find beside Gunther's book another volume published at about the same time—William L. Schurz's "Latin America." It is a sound, mature, searching work, but it took twenty years to write. One hundred will read Gunther to each single reader of Schurz. There is the pity of it. If only Gunther could know what Schurz does, and tell it as Gunther can—but that is not the way best-sellers are written; not often.

HUBERT HERRING

The Coach of Nippon

Barbarian, by Willard Price. New York: The John Day Company. 310 pages. $2.50.

WILLARD PRICE'S FIRST NOVEL is a rather poor job of fiction-making but as of this hour you can set it down as a book of considerable importance. It starts out as a historical piece with a Japanese background and a tailor-made American hero taken from the cabinet where copies of the model are kept. But before it's over, the reader has one man's vivid and startling explanation of the origins of Japan's foreign policy and the historical-emotional basis of Japanese feeling toward America. That explanation carries a good deal of authority. Mr. Price has lived in Japan and has long been recognized as a shrewd student of the Japanese "problem." If from a writing standpoint his nonfiction books on the subject seem like happier stuff, this fire-and-action package is still a good lay introduction to some of tomorrow's headlines.

The story (and the trouble) starts, as it should of course, with Commodore Perry's brash entrance into Uraga Bay on July 8, 1853. Here was expansionist America literally forcing commercial relations on a very unwilling customer. Jonathan Boone was only a midshipman that trip, but five years later, and married, he returned in a brig of his own loaded with trade goods. To the natives, Boone and the rest of the whites were "barbarians." They dealt, necessarily, with the native traders, and these in Japan's feudal society rated too low to count.

What the Japanese, and especially the upper classes, never forgot was that these outsiders were forced on them. In the whole history of imperialism and dollar diplomacy there is no better example of beckoning profits wearing down native terrors and resentment. This conflict is developed within a hackneyed plot structure, but Mr. Price, through sheer persistence, makes it memorable. For years the whites were systematically murdered by members of the military caste. Even important foreign diplomats were slashed to bits in broad daylight. But business men, especially the British and Americans, held on and their governments backed them with cannon. Actually they brought about a social revolution in Japan. The more powerful elements in the princely ruling group saw that the Western powers could be handled only with their own weapons. An imperialist school developed and there began that sedulous aping of American industrial civilization which made Japan a world power within fifty years. But Mr. Price apparently believes that the resentment has never worn out. He speaks of a "timeless" Japan behind the modern façade, "forward-marching, backward-looking."

Most of the story is designed to sustain a never-the-twain-shall-meet symbolism. Boone's marriage to a Japanese girl ends tragically and he returns to his divorced American wife. And although he learns the language and becomes deeply attached to the country, his best native friend kills him finally in the belief that Boone has helped degrade the Japanese way of life. When the story closes, before the turn of the century, Boone's homeward-bound widow can think of future Japanese-American relations only in terms of bloodshed. That, of course, is writing prophecy into historical fiction with today's paper in your hand, even if Mr. Price's conclusion does flow logically from the background of hatred and conflict he has established. In any event, and for whatever historical perspective is worth, it should be chastening to remember that the "Japanese menace" didn't get to be one without the unconscious coaching and benefit of example supplied by the United States and the Western powers.

MAX GISSEN

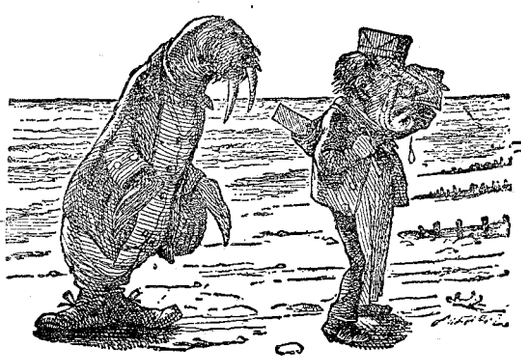
Don't Break the Butterfly

The Empty Room, by Charles Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Company. 164 pages. $2.

THE PUBLICATION of this extremely short novel celebrates Charles Morgan's arrival on this continent: it would be nice if one could hand Mr. Morgan back his own bouquet with a tab of legitimate admiration attached. But apart from the fact that it is charming and harmless, the most significant thing about this book is its setting in contemporary England. Continually, behind the tasteful calamities and the casual tragedies, the immense dignity of history arises and makes everything small. Even at the best of times this would be a most unobtrusive book; the characters all behave with the reserve of people suffering from a contagious disease; the events deliberately dissuade themselves from becoming dramatic, let alone melodramatic; and over it all the solar benignity of the author descends on the just, the unjust and the scarcely present.

It is the story of a young woman who leaves her husband because he is rather too saintly and understanding, and who runs away with a fat man who is not a saint but has a fairly substantial income. Then, years afterwards, the wife and husband are reunited through the graces of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"THE time has come," the walrus said,
"to talk of many things—
the kind of gifts we ought to give,
and the kind that Christmas brings."

"I'm awfully sick," the Carpenter wept,
"because my gifts are never kept.
And the ones I get I can't abide,
walrus dear, you know I've tried."

They reviewed the problem from every angle,
Until their nerves were all ajangle,
When the Walrus said, with a happy look,
"Why don't we give everyone a book?"

THIS THEY DID, AND WE'RE PROUD TO SAY,
THEIR'S WAS A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS DAY!

The moral that we here unfold
Is "Buy a book for young and old!"
We'll wrap in gay paper books picked from this list
Or any others that we have missed.

Fiction

H. M. Pulham, Esquire, by John P. Marquand. Little, Brown. $2.50.

They Went On Together, by Robert Nathan. Knopf. $2.00.

Saratoga Trunk, by Edna Ferber. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

The Century Was Young, by Louis Aragon. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.75.

Random Harvest, by James Hilton. Little, Brown. $2.50.

What Makes Sammy Run? by Budd P. Schulberg. Random House. $2.50.

The Hills Beyond, by Thomas Wolfe. Harper. $2.50.

My Friend Flicka, by Mary O'Hara. Lippincott. $2.50.

Hotel Splendide, by Ludwig Bemelmans. Viking. $2.50.

Salt of the Earth, by Joseph Wittlin. Sheridan House. $2.50.

This Above All, by Eric Knight. Harper. $2.50.

The Blind Man's House, by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

The Keys of the Kingdom, by A. J. Cronin. Little, Brown. $2.50.

Botany Bay, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Little, Brown. $2.50.

The Empty Room, by Charles Morgan. Macmillan. $2.00.

The Sun is my Undoing, by Marguerite Steen. Viking. $3.00.

The Hill of Doves, by Stuart Cloete. Houghton Mifflin. $2.75.

Tapiola's Brave Regiment, by Robert Nathan. Knopf. $1.75.

Broad and Alien is the World, by Ciro Alegriá. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.75.

One Red Rose Forever, by Mildred Jordan. Knopf. $2.75.

I'll Never Go There Any More, by Jerome Weidman. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

Marriage is a Private Affair, by Judith Kelly. Harper. $2.50.

Corporal Cat, by Martin Flavin. Harper. $2.50.

Biography and Memoirs

My India, My America, by Krishnalal Shridharani. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $3.75.

Clarence Darrow for the Defense, by Irving Stone. Doubleday, Doran. $3.00.

That Day Alone, by Pierre Van Paassen. Dial Press. $3.75.

Carl Sandburg: A Study in Personality and Background, by Karl Detzer. Harcourt, Brace. $2.00.

Big Family, by Bellamy Partridge. Whittlesey. $2.75.

My Last Million Readers, by Emile Gauvreau. Dutton. $3.00.

Grey Eminence, by Aldous Huxley. Harper. $3.50.

Gift Books

Abraham Lincoln: The War Years, by Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace. 4 vols. $20.

Remembrance of Things Past, by Marcel Proust. Random House. 2 vols. $5.00.

U. S. Camera, 1942. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $3.85.

A Treasury of Gilbert and Sullivan, ed. by Deems Taylor. Simon & Schuster. $5.00.

A Second Treasury of the World's Great Letters. Simon & Schuster. $3.75.

Miscellaneous

Dark Legend, by Dr. Frederic Wertham. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $2.75.

Secret History of the American Revolution, by Carl Van Doren. Viking. $3.75.

Berlin Diary, by William L. Shirer. Knopf. $3.00.

A Thousand Shall Fall, by Hans Habe. Harcourt, Brace. $3.00.

Inside Latin America, by John Gunther. Harper. $3.50.

Last Man Around the World, by Stephen Longstreet. Random House. $3.00.

Newspaper Days, by H. L. Mencken. Knopf. $3.00.

12 Million Black Voices, by Richard Wright. Viking. $3.00.

Men of Europe, by André Simone. Modern Age. $2.50.

Opinions of Oliver Allston, by Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. $3.

Scum of the Earth, by Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. $2.50.

Anything Can Happen, by Edward Newhouse. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

Reveille in Washington, by Margaret Leech. Harper. $3.50.

Ideas for the Ice Age, by Max Lerner. Viking. $3.00.

The Flowering of New England, by Van Wyck Brooks. Modern Library. $1.45.

NEW REPUBLIC BOOKS
40 East 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send, *postpaid*, the following books. I enclose $.....
☐ Charge to my account.

.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beautiful and saintly daughter—whose resemblance to Cordelia shocked me until I remembered that for more than a hundred years every major English novelist has been transparently conducting an affair with her. There is also a doctor in the *dramatis personae* who is in love with the daughter but declines to propose to her for reasons which are never made very clear. And there is a young laboratory assistant named Flower, the representative, presumably, of the lower classes, who continually surprises the good husband and the doctor with the penetration of his remarks: clearly they regard him as rather like a dachshund that can do arithmetic. And observations like this are exchanged between the principals: "Wait. Do without. Don't fell oak every twenty years."

I suspect that the reason Mr. Morgan is considered one of the most distinguished writers of the time is because his work is entirely devoid of danger. This may be because, like the expert trapezist, he makes the precarious look safe; and on the other hand it may be because there is simply no danger there. (I use the word in the Nietzschean or Blakean sense; the sense that makes Rimbaud a dangerous writer and Auden a safe one.) For, even in such a period as "The Empty Room" deals with, none of the characters is in danger of anything but his life; the quiet and pedestrian sanity of their exultations and catastrophes and passions leaves me with the same feeling I have when I leave certain movies: the whole thing is photographs, and nothing lies like the camera. Nor do I think that Mr. Morgan really records the fundamentals of his characters as, for instance, André Gide really records them: his good taste discourages him from lifting the lid off the terrible fundamental.

GEORGE BARKER

AN INVITATION TO THE READERS OF THE NEW REPUBLIC

to attend the

FREE WORLD DINNER

Friday, December 12, 1941

Hotel Roosevelt • New York City

SPEAKERS

WILLIAM L. SHIRER
Author "Berlin Diary"

FERNANDEZ ARTUCIO
Author "Nazis in Uruguay"

CARL SANDBURG
Author "Abraham Lincoln"

MARIANNE LORRAINE
Salute to the Free World

JAN MASARYK
Minister of Foreign Affairs, Czechoslovakia

LOUIS DOLIVET
Secretary-General, Free World

MRS. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN
Former United States Minister to Norway

RESERVATION FORM

FREE WORLD ASSOCIATION
8 West 40th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Please reserve ..... places at $3.50 (Tables for ten at $35.00). I enclose my check for $.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

100 Notable Books of 1941

Fiction

The Century Was Young, by Louis Aragon. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $2.75.
Bread and a Stone, by Alvah Bessie. Modern Age. $2.50.
Look at All Those Roses, by Elizabeth Bowen. Knopf. $2.50.
The World of the Thibaults, by Roger Martin du Gard. Viking. $6.
Men Working, by John Faulkner. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
The Big Snow, by Jake Falstaff. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.
The Last Tycoon, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Scribner's. $2.50.
In This Our Life, by Ellen Glasgow. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Darkness at Noon, by Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. $2.50.
H. M. Pulham, Esquire, by John P. Marquand. Little, Brown. $2.50.
Lost Fields, by Michael McLaverty. Longmans, Green. $2.
The Great Big Doorstep, by E. P. O'Donnell. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
My Friend Flicka, by Mary O'Hara. Lippincott. $2.50.
Hold Autumn in Your Hand, by George Sessions Perry. Viking. $2.
What Makes Sammy Run? by Budd Schulberg. Random. $2.50.
The Don Flows Home to the Sea, by Mikhail Sholokov. Knopf. $3.50.
So It Doesn't Whistle, by Robert Paul Smith. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
A Curtain of Green, by Eudora Welty. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
The Living and the Dead, by Patrick White. Viking. $3.
Salt of the Earth, by Joseph Wittlin. Sheridan House. $2.50.
The Hills Beyond, by Thomas Wolfe. Harpers. $2.50.
Whistle Stop, by Maritta M. Wolff. Random. $2.50.
Between the Acts, by Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

Biography and Memoirs

James Madison, by Irving Brant. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.50.
Opinions of Oliver Allston, by Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. $3.
Blood, Sweat and Tears, by Winston S. Churchill. Putnam's. $3.
Victoria's Heir: The Education of a Prince, by George Dangerfield. Harcourt, Brace. $3.
Hernan Cortes, by Salvador de Madariaga. Macmillan. $4.
Ambassador Dodd's Diary, 1933-1938, by William E. Dodd Jr. and Martha Dodd. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
Holmes-Pollock Letters. Edited by Mark DeWolfe Howe. Harvard. $7.50.
Catherine of Aragon, by Garrett Mattingly. Little, Brown. $3.50.
Newspaper Days, by H. L. Mencken. Knopf. $3.
Toward Freedom, by Jawaharlal Nehru. John Day. $4.
Lanterns on the Levee, by William Alexander Percy. Knopf. $3.
Byron in Italy, by Peter Quennell. Viking. $3.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Compiled and collated by Samuel I. Rosenman. Four volumes: 1937-1940. Macmillan. $30.
Out of the Night, by Jan Valtin. Alliance. $3.50.

Art, Poetry, Criticism, Drama

The Viking Book of Poetry, edited by Richard Aldington. Viking. $3.
The Double Man, by W. H. Auden. Random. $2.
Selected Poems, by George Barker. Macmillan. $1.90.
Selected Poems, by John Peale Bishop. Scribner's. $2.
Poems and New Poems, by Louise Bogan. Scribner's. $2.50.
The Intent of the Artist, by Sherwood Anderson, Thornton Wilder, Roger Sessions and William Lescaze. Edited by Augusto Centeno. Princeton. $2.50.
Poems, 1930-1940, by Horace Gregory. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
The Metaphysical Sword, by Jeremy Ingalls. Yale. $2.
Poems, 1924-1940, by Louis MacNeice. Random. $2.50.
American Renaissance, by F. O. Matthiessen. Oxford. $5.
What Are Years, by Marianne Moore. Macmillan. $1.50.
The New Criticism, by John Crowe Ransom. New Directions. $2.50.
The Brontës' Web of Childhood, by Fannie Elizabeth Ratchford. Columbia. $3.50.
The Intent of the Critic, by Edmund Wilson, Norman Foerster, John Crowe Ransom, W. H. Auden. Edited by Donald A. Stauffer. Princeton. $2.50.
New Poems: 1940. Edited by Oscar Williams. Yardstick Press. $2.50.
The Boys in the Back Room, by Edmund Wilson. Colt Press. $2.50.
The Wound and the Bow, by Edmund Wilson. Houghton Mifflin. $3.
The Mind's Geography, by George Zabriskie. Knopf. $2.
The Listening Landscape, by Marya Zaturenska. Macmillan. $1.75.

History, Politics, Economics

Sea Power in the Machine Age, by Bernard Brodie. Princeton. $3.75
The Managerial Revolution, by James Burnham. John Day. $2.50.
Where Angels Dared to Tread, by V. F. Calverton. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.
The Cambridge Economic History of Europe from the Decline of the Roman Empire. Edited by J. H. Clapham and the late Eileen Power. Cambridge University Press. New York: Macmillan. $7.50.
History as the Story of Liberty, by Benedetto Croce. Norton. $3.75.
The Ground We Stand On, by John Dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
Workers Before and After Lenin: Fifty Years of Russian Labor, by Manya Gordon. Dutton. $4.
Fiscal Policy and Business Cycles, by Alvin H. Hansen. Norton. $3.75.
The Struggle for Judicial Supremacy, by Robert H. Jackson. Knopf. $3.
Life, Liberty and Property, by Alfred Winslow Jones. Lippincott. $3.50.

CHURCHILL trusts him
STALIN trusts him
HITLER hates him above all men

—Britain's key man in Russia
—One of the key men in the future of Britain itself

Stafford Cripps:

PROPHETIC REBEL

***by* ERIC ESTORICK**

FORWARD-LOOKING Americans will do well to read *now* the story (here fully told for the first time) of the great British internationalist whose importance to the future of Britain and the world rises higher every day. Aristocrat turned "radical," Stafford Cripps' career has traced the record of "the liberal conscience of England." "Estorick's book will serve . . . to tell Americans why increasing numbers of thoughtful Englishmen, who recognize Churchill's claim to leadership in waging war, regard Cripps as the man who may be called upon to lead in building the peace."—*The New Republic.* "A work that is revealing, exciting—and often shocking when it lifts the curtain on dramas of British politics with which Americans are not too familiar."—*P M.*
$2.50

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY • NEW YORK

Will There Be Another Versailles?

What single sentence in 1919's Treaty of Versailles might have averted World War II?
What kind of peace will the next one be and who will write it?
Was the hard-won "breathing space" of 1938-1939 more useful to Britain and France—or to Hitler?

NO ONE genuinely interested in an authoritative, non-journalistic account of the European dilemma, its roots, and its prospects for the future, should fail to read this book by the former Italian Foreign Minister, now in voluntary exile. Count Sforza knows Europe, its people, its leaders, its rivalries and jealousies far better than any American can know them and striking examples of personally obtained evidence crowd his pages.

"Within this small but important volume, he has managed to pack an astonishing amount of revealing data, shrewd observation and epigrammatic wisdom. . . . He treats with fresh and penetrating insight the subject of 'The Nazi-Fascist Masterpiece: Propaganda.' . . . The chapter on 'How Official France Betrayed Czechoslovakia' is an astonishing and yet untold tale of French duplicity. . . . Sforza reveals, for the first time, we believe, how the weak German democracy really stood with its hat in its hand in the presence of the old German Junkers and handed them the keys of the treasury. . . ." —*N. Y. Times.*
3rd printing. $1.25

THE TOTALITARIAN WAR—AND AFTER

By Count Carlo Sforza

1891 - 1941 50 YEARS OF PUBLISHING

At bookstores, or direct from
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reveille in Washington, 1860-1865, by Margaret Leech. Harpers. $3.50.
The Majority of the People, by Edwin Mims Jr. Modern Age. $2.75.
Drafting the Federal Constitution, by Arthur T. Prescott. Louisiana State University. $5.50.
The Cambridge History of the British Empire. Edited by J. Holland Rose, A. P. Newton and E. A. Benians. Cambridge University Press. New York: Macmillan. $10.50.
Secret History of the American Revolution, by Carl Van Doren. Viking. $3.75.
Black Lamb and Grey Falcon, by Rebecca West. Viking. $7.50.

Science and Philosophy

Darwin, Marx, Wagner: Critique of a Heritage, by Jacques Barzun. Little, Brown. $2.75.
The Social Relations of the Sciences, by J. G. Crowther. Macmillan. $3.50.
Biography of the Earth: Its Past, Present and Future, by George Gamow. Viking. $3.
Grey Eminence: A Study in Religion and Politics, by Aldous Huxley. Harpers. $3.50.
The Nature and Destiny of Man: A Christian Interpretation, by Reinhold Niebuhr. Scribner's. $2.75.
Conditioned Reflexes and Psychiatry, by I. P. Pavlov. Translated and edited by W. Horsley Gantt. International Publishers. $4.
An Inquiry into Meaning and Truth, by Bertrand Russell. Norton. $2.75.
Man on His Nature, by Sir Charles Sherrington. Macmillan. $3.75.
Society and Medical Progress, by Bernhard J. Stern. Princeton. $3.
A History of Medical Psychology, by Gregory Zilboorg. Norton. $5.

The World at Large

United We Stand: Defense of the Western Hemisphere, by Hanson W. Baldwin. Whittlesey House. $2.
Against This Torrent, by Edward Mead Earle. Princeton. $1.
Planning the War, by Colonel Garsia. Penguin. 25 cents.
Good Neighbors, by Hubert Herring. Yale. $3.
Scum of the Earth, by Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. $2.50.
Ideas for the Ice Age, by Max Lerner. Viking. $3.
Nazi Europe and World Trade, by Cleona Lewis. Brookings. $2.
You Can't Do Business with Hitler, by Douglas Miller. Little, Brown. $1.50.
The Penguin Hansard. Penguin. 75 cents.
Russia, by Sir Bernard Pares. Penguin. 25 cents.
Out of the People, by J. B. Priestley. Harpers. $1.50.
The Armed Forces of the Pacific, by Captain W. D. Puleston. Yale. $2.75.
The Myth of the Total State, by Guenter Reimann. Morrow. $2.75.
The Spoil of Europe, by Thomas Reveille. Norton. $2.75.
Berlin Diary, by William L. Shirer. Knopf. $3.
The Battle for Asia, by Edgar Snow. Random. $3.75.
Digging for Mrs. Miller: Some Experiences of an Air-Raid Warden, by John Strachey. Random. $1.25.
War by Revolution, by Francis Williams. Viking. $1.50.

Contributors

E. D. KENNEDY, for ten years an associate editor of Time and Fortune, is the author of "Dividends to Pay." His most recent book is "The Automobile Industry," published by Reynal and Hitchcock.

T. BALOGH received his M.A. from Oxford University in 1940. He has written articles on economics for various English publications.

EUGENE L. BELISLE is executive director of the Massachusetts Mothers' Health Council, secretary of the New England Committee for the St. Lawrence Seaway and research chairman, Consumer Section, of the Citizens' Lobby of Massachusetts.

H. N. BRAILSFORD, London correspondent for The New Republic, is widely known as a writer on history, economics and international affairs.

HUBERT HERRING is the author, among other books, of "And So to War" and "Good Neighbors," recently published by the Yale University Press.

GEORGE BARKER is a young English poet now living in this country. His "Selected Poems" was recently published by the Macmillan Company.

MAX GISSEN left a Vermont law office several years ago to come to New York. He is a frequent contributor of articles and reviews to The New Republic.

In the DECEMBER issue of
Poetry: *A Magazine of Verse*

"The Lost People"—New Poems
Malcolm Cowley
14 Poems by a New Lyric Poet
Augustine Bowe
Robinson Jeffers and the War
Stanley J. Kunitz
$3.00 a year
Five Months' Trial Subscription, $1.00
232 East Erie St., Dept. 1, Chicago, Illinois

CLASSIFIED RATES
6 pt. type (this size) 50c a type line
5 pt. type (this size) 45c a type line
Minimum 3 lines
Copy received by Monday will appear in the issue published Thursday (three days later).
Address
ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT
40 E. 49th Street
New York

Literary Agent
DAVID DAVIDSON
Plays
Novels
Non-fiction
475 Fifth Ave., New York
MUrray Hill 3-6657
RIO DE JANEIRO
HOLLYWOOD
LONDON

LANGUAGES
BARGAIN PHONOGRAPH COURSES. We sell, rent, purchase, exchange. All languages. A selection of various sets in Spanish. Mail Orders. Request Booklet R. LANGUAGE SERVICE, 18 East 41st St., N. Y. C.

WRITERS
MANUSCRIPT HOSPITAL. A splint for your split infinitives. Manuscripts carefully typewritten, tastefully edited or ghosted by nice people with literary background. Phone: AL 4-7993.

WEARING APPAREL
"AVOID DEPARTMENTSTORITIS" by shopping for clothes in the leisurely atmosphere of Miss Goodman's. Her smart, well-cut Dresses and Coats (mostly originals) are continuously a sale value. 474 7th Ave. (36th St.). LA 4-4026.

BREEZEMONT PARK
ARMONK, N.Y.
"A Country Estate in the Scenic Hills of Westchester County"
If you choose your hotel with the same care and taste as you would your home, visit this nearby resort. Exclusive, dignified, luxuriously furnished. All sport facilities. Excellent cuisine. Less than 1 hour from N. Y. C. Open all year.
Phone Armonk Village 955

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRISTMAS BARGAINS 1941

In the search for right paths forward, The New Republic and its readers have now, as always, the most important of all common tasks. Each year readers help widen the circle of the magazine by giving subscriptions at Christmas to their friends. As is customary we offer tempting bargains of good books and magazines jointly with The New Republic. Note particularly how much you save on two or more New Republic subscriptions. *You can renew your own subscription now, at reduced rates, no matter when it expires.* A Christmas card, bearing your name, will be sent to each recipient of your New Republic gift subscription.

Bargains in subscriptions to The New Republic—$8 or $11

Two one-year subscriptions to The New Republic for $8.00, or three for $11.00. *Your subscription may be included no matter when it expires.* Christmas cards will be mailed in the name of the donor.

Bargains in combinations with other magazines—$9.00 to $6.00

One year of The New Republic, Harper's and Atlantic (regularly $14.00) all for $9.00. Or Harper's with The New Republic for $6.50. Or The Atlantic with The New Republic for $7.00. Or Readers' Digest with The New Republic for $6.00.

A Selection of Ten Outstanding Books

The New Republic for one year and any ONE of these Modern Library Giants complete and unabridged. Book and magazine mailable to one or two persons.

MODERN LIBRARY GIANTS	Price for Both
Flowering of New England, by Van Wyck Brooks Man's Hope, by André Malraux Ulysses, by James Joyce Look Homeward, Angel, by Thomas Wolfe Forty Days of Musa Dagh, by Franz Werfel	$5.45

ANY ONE OF THESE BOOKS	Price for Both
Queen Victoria, by Lytton Strachey The Fight for Life, by Paul De Kruif Collected Legal Papers of Oliver Wendell Holmes Man Against Himself, by Karl Menninger Book of Living Verse, edited by Louis Untermeyer	$5.60

ONE Modern Library book and a year of The New Republic—$5

Modern American Poetry, edited by Aiken; *Grapes of Wrath,* Steinbeck; *Republic,* Plato; *My War With the United States,* Bemelmans; *Collected Short Stories* of Ring Lardner; *Great Modern Short Stories,* edited by Overton; *The Federalist,* Hamilton, Jay and Madison; *Three Soldiers,* Das Passos; *The Short Bible,* American Translation; *The Maltese Falcon,* Hammett; *Flowering Judas,* Porter; *Tristram Shandy,* Sterne; *Humphrey Clinker,* Smollett; *The Prince and Discourses of Machiavelli; Best Short Stories* of de Maupassant; *Seven Gothic Tales,* Dinesen.

One year of The New Republic and these five Penguin books

(regularly $1.25)

$5.25

Europe at War, by David Low; *Forever Freedom,* by Josiah Wedgewood and Allan Nevins; *New Writing in Europe,* Edited by John Lehmann; *Europe in Chains,* by Paul Einzig; *Flight to Victory,* by Ronald Walker.

A year of The New Republic and Consumers' Union Reports—$7.00

The New Republic, 40 East 49th Street, New York

For the enclosed $..... please send The New Republic to

Name .....
Street .....
City .....
State .....

And send ..... to

Name .....
Street .....
City .....
State .....

And send ..... to

Name .....
Street .....
City .....
State .....

Canadian postage $1.00 on New Republic and Harper's; foreign $1.00 on all magazines except Readers' Digest

12-8-41

Printed by STEINBERG PRESS, INC., Morgan & Johnson Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Life Saved Is a Battle Won

Dear Fellow Anti-Fascists:

There is little time left for us unless you help. There are many of us still here in France—Czechs, Austrians, Germans, Spaniards—who must get out. We've been fighting against Hitler, against totalitarianism, since 1933. That's when the war started for us. We've had to retreat. Now our backs are to the wall. Help us to fight again.

We have a claim on you—you are our kind. We are your kind—we think the same thoughts, we believe in the same things. We fought and worked for them as you would. Now help us get out where we can continue to fight. Otherwise we die—all of us—men, women and children. . .

This letter is written in the name of those anti-fascists still rotting in French concentration camps. Put one of them on your Christmas list.

Here are the facts:

1. **WE CAN STILL GET THEM OUT**
2. **WE HAVE EVACUATED MORE THAN 350 SINCE THE FALL OF FRANCE**
3. **WE HAVE KEPT ALIVE MANY HUNDREDS MORE**
4. **$300 WILL BRING ONE ANTI-FASCIST TO SAFETY**
5. **ANY AMOUNT YOU CAN GIVE WILL HELP MORE THAN YOU REALIZE**

Freda Kirchwey

International Relief Association

FREDA KIRCHWEY, *Treasurer,*
INTERNATIONAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION, Inc.,
2 West 43rd Street, New York City.

I enclose $..... toward the rescue of anti-fascist refugees from France.

Name .....

Address .....

FOUNDED BY

Albert Einstein — Heinrich Mann — Ernst Toller
Eduard Fuchs — Carl von Ossietzky — Helene Stoecker

OFFICERS

Charles A. Beard, Honorary Chairman
Sterling D. Spero, Vice-Chairman
Freda Kirchwey, Treasurer
Sheba Strunsky, Executive Secretary

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A.N.C.

The New
REPUBLIC

Writers Under Thirty

A Special Literary Supplement of New Writing

Essays, Short Stories and Poetry by

George Barker
Harry Brown
John Ciardi
Jean Garrigue
Robert Gibbons
Albert Guérard Jr.
Milton Hindus
Randall Jarrell
William Meredith
Eve Merriam
Preston Newman
Judd Polk
Thomas Riggs Jr.
Isaac Rosenfeld
Joe Rothenburg
Kenneth A. Scholes
Peter Taylor
Stephen Stepanchev
Dunstan Thompson

DECEMBER 8, 1941

VOL. 105, NO. 23 : NO. 1410 : PART TWO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CHRISTMAS WELCOME AWAITS THESE NAMES

Richard Aldington Editor

edits "the best comprehensive anthology of British and American poetry yet made." —*Mark Van Doren.* 1344 pages. $3.50

THE VIKING BOOK OF POETRY

Peter Quennell

Byron in Romanticism's full flowering. "A superb narrative, charming, subtle, intelligent."—*New Yorker.* *Ill.* $3.50

BYRON IN ITALY

Albert Carr

Never has Napoleon been portrayed so revealingly as in this biography based largely on his letters. *Illustrated.* $3.00

NAPOLEON SPEAKS

Steinbeck & Ricketts

A great novelist shares a unique adventure with a scientist, and tells of it superbly. Richly illustrated. $5.00

SEA OF CORTEZ

Sheldon Cheney

The men—the movements—the masterpieces of modernism in art, from 1791 to today; with 373 reproductions. $5.00

THE STORY OF MODERN ART

Carl Van Doren

The most important work on the American Revolution in 100 years. A fascinating historical treasure-hunt. $3.75

SECRET HISTORY of the American Revolution

Lion Feuchtwanger

The story of his imprisonment and escape from a French concentration camp—the great novelist's greatest theme. $2.75

THE DEVIL IN FRANCE

Rebecca West

"One of the most passionate, eloquent, violent, beautifully written books of our time."—*Time.* 2 volumes. $7.50

BLACK LAMB and GREY FALCON

Ben Hecht

A grab-bag of excitements and surprises by the master of the unexpected. Illustrated by *George Grosz.* $3.00

1001 AFTERNOONS IN NEW YORK

Richard Wright

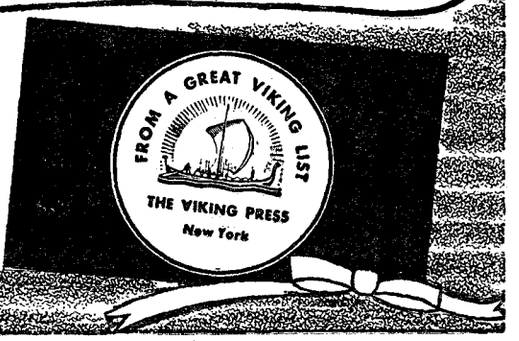
The author of *Native Son,* writing from his heart, tells the story of his people. Photo-directed by *Edwin Rosskam.* $3.00

12 MILLION BLACK VOICES

Max Lerner

The best of Lerner's writing since his *Ideas Are Weapons.* A "tough-minded" analysis of the battle for the future. $3.00

IDEAS FOR THE ICE AGE



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Introduction

THE AIM OF THIS SUPPLEMENT is to present the work of America's younger authors. Some six hundred writers under thirty sent in contributions; the final choice was made from about two thousand manuscripts. Some of the writers included are already known to readers of The New Republic, and of literary magazines of small circulation; others are making their appearance in print for the first time. As one of them put it: "There is no question of my anonymity, but divided opinion as to my promise."

We feel it would be of more value to our readers to discuss the whole material submitted rather than our selections from it alone. The opportunity to get some idea of new writing in America has been an invaluable one, raising a number of interesting points for discussion.

The first point is the scarcity of articles on current affairs. This is partly due, no doubt, to the majority of contributors' thinking that a strictly literary work would have more chance of acceptance; on the other hand, comments on immediate events turned out, with a few exceptions, to be the most disappointing feature of the total material. It would appear that the younger writers have found little to encourage them in this field; that their youth and lack of authoritative reputation have provoked little but rejection slips so long as they have tried for this non-fiction market. Whatever the reason, it is with regret that we are unable to include here a single direct statement on contemporary affairs by a writer under thirty.

Somewhat the same limitation was found in the short stories. One does not expect the writer of fiction to base his stories on current affairs; one does hope to see in his small framework an experience that can be appreciated by others beside himself. But in general the stories submitted had the immaturity of the writer who has not learned to see the implications of his own experiences, who cannot make them as significant to the reader as they have been to him. This was especially true in the numerous stories devoted to campus life, first love affairs and childhood unhappiness. In regard to this last it is perhaps significant that of the three stories included here, two are stories of physical struggle between child and adult.

There was, however, a number of short-story writers whose subjects embraced far more than the relatively limited episodes of their own lives. The trouble with most of these was their dryness and constructional stiffness—as though their authors, determined to branch out beyond themselves, had become unable to stamp their material with the faintest individual mark. They were mostly "competent"—that damning word used by the kindly critic to describe a work that never creaks at the joints because it cannot unbend. If any conclusions can be drawn from these stories it is that perhaps too much emphasis has been placed by instructors in colleges and high schools on the traditional rules of construction. Not that this fault has been confined to the younger writers alone. Precisely the same lack of vitality and freedom of expression has marked the yearly collections of short stories by older writers, and it is more than probable that such stories have played their part in restricting the young. Individual interpretation has suffered for the sake of propriety, and it is our hope that readers of the stories we have included will find that their authors cannot only tell their story but can bring to it a point of view and an individual flavor.

It would certainly be unfair to make the same charge against the essayists. It is perhaps in the essay that technical ability is most essential to success and that clarity of mind must carry the reader to the author's conclusion. But no essay can stand on its feet without a point of view, and this was certainly not absent from the essays submitted. Far more than in the short stories one was conscious of the individual attitude, of a personal sense of direction, of an effort on the author's part to think things through in his own way without paying much attention to the writers who had trod the same road before him. This is a notable thing to find in a time when most magazines do not encourage the essayist, and when the young writer's opinions on literature have almost as small a market as his political theses. Yet it is obvious that the young literary essayist is not in the same dilemma as the young political theorist today; his way is easier, his subject at least remains still under analysis and is immune to the treaties of friendship that precede the erasing of a border.

It should be remarked that some of the best essays and stories came from authors who have already begun to make their way as poets. Certainly it appears that the poets are the most active of all the young American writers; their contributions far exceeded the amount of prose, and the main problem for the editors was not picking out promising work, but rather deciding what must be omitted. We believe that those we have selected deserve a most careful reading; they seem to us to stand head and shoulders above most of their rivals in prose. They are the least cramped by tradition—what influences they show are those of older poets who themselves are classed as contemporary rebels. They cannot be accused of being colorless or of lacking vitality; they are as much at home in the lyric as in the didactic. And to revert to our earlier comments on the need for a point of view, it can safely be said that the poets have the truest independence. There is in most of the poems included here a highly sensitive consideration of what is happening in the world at large; a sense of conflict arising from a determination not to evade troublesome issues but to answer them. If we are lacking in the opinions of young writers expressed in political articles, we are well rewarded by the young poets' readiness to see their own lives and thoughts as a part of the greater issues of today.

In conclusion we should like to thank most warmly the many college instructors and professors who worked hard to supply us with the best of their students' and ex-students' material. Without their help we would probably not have obtained much of the included work. We intend to print in regular issues of The New Republic many contenders who were left out only for reasons of space. — THE EDITORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Proust and Society

AN ASTONISHING AMOUNT of criticism has grown up around Proust considering the fact that he is still supposed to be one of our more esoteric authors. It seems as if almost every reader of Proust is destined to be his critic. Perhaps this is so because the degree of literacy and sophistication required for a thorough enjoyment of his work is high, and only people with a professional interest in literature are quite up to the task. Each critic relies upon his pet theories to explain some aspect of the master; one sees in Proust's style a throwback to that of the seventeenth century; another, who has had the advantage possessed by few of the critics (though these few have driven their advantage hard) of having known Proust personally, recognizes in his style a transcription of the conversational manner of his great friend Robert de Montesquiou.

About certain aspects, however, there has grown up a uniformity of opinion. One of the conventional opinions to which I am going to play the devil's advocate in this essay is that Proust was the historian of an important change in French society. Those who have looked into his novel know that its *dramatis personae* are drawn from two great social classes, the feudal nobility and the bourgeoisie. There are the people of "Swann's Way," that great middle class of which the narrator himself is part, and there are the people of "The Guermantes' Way," the unapproachable aristocracy of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. When the narrator of the story was very young it seemed to him that these two ways of life could never meet. But as he grew older, this "caste point of view," as he called it, had to be modified. For he himself penetrated into aristocratic society and so did numerous other bourgeois people with whom he was acquainted—Swann, Bloch, Gilberte, Legrandin, and the queen of vulgarity herself, Mme. Verdurin. He found that "Swann's Way" and "The Guermantes' Way" were not really as widely separated as he thought; they had a common meeting point which made it possible for one to start out on his journey by one way and to come back by the other.

This was a momentous discovery to have made, and it has excited the critics very much. It makes of Proust in their eyes the historian of a social transformation. In a recent critical study,[1] Georges Lemaitre writes:

> Society had changed; if he, Marcel Proust, a young half-Jewish bourgeois, could break through into the most exclusive circles, it was because there was in progress at the time a distinct movement of fusion between the aristocratic world and certain elements of the bourgeoisie. This fusion had been effected, and Proust wanted to be the historian of the great social transformation.

Later, the critic sums up the apocalyptic nature of Proust's revelation in these words:

> Alas! Society was no more. The war had destroyed it beyond hope of recovery. The salons, which formerly sheltered and protected a closed world of birth and breeding, were thrown open to the *nouveaux riches*—in fact to all and sundry. A hopeless mixture and confusion prevailed. Good manners—or any manners at all—were gone. All the barriers were down. . . . One could no longer speak of a fusion between the bourgeoisie and nobility; the two had become a composite, a shapeless mass, a moral and social chaos. As a symbol of this, the Prince de Guermantes, a widower, marries Mme. Verdurin herself.

M. Lemaitre is certainly not speaking for himself alone in making these judgments. His book was published in 1938 and sums up much of the criticism which came before that time. Edmund Wilson tells us in "Axel's Castle" that Proust shows us how "society, which at first seemed so stable, in a few years has recombined its groups and merged and transformed its classes." Mr. Wilson believes that Proust goes even further than merely describing the fusion of the bourgeoisie and the aristocracy; it seems to him that in the pages of the novel he discerns the bourgeoisie "absorbing the old nobility."

Other critics might be quoted to the same effect. The idea that Proust's work is a chronicle of change in the structure of French society is so ingrained in criticism that it may seem foolhardy to challenge it. And yet, as I read the novel, I feel that the basic change takes place not in society itself but in the vision which the narrator has of society. It has long ago been noted that in the narrative technique of Proust, a character is never revealed completely until the end of the story. Odette, for instance, is shown to us at first through the romantic eyes of her lover Swann; her shallowness and stupidity are not fully laid bare until the last volume. Who would argue from these facts that Odette has really changed? What has changed is our view of her. That this technique, which Mr. Wilson has called an important innovation, should have carried over from Proust's development of his characters to his description of the society in which they move does not seem to have occurred to anybody.

What is the basis of the notion that Proust has portrayed a change in society? It is simply, as I pointed out before, that the narrator and various people that he has known, bourgeois by birth, have succeeded in penetrating aristocratic society. But had feudal society been so monolithic previously that it was impossible for a bourgeois to be accepted by it? If it was not, then it is illogical to speak of a change in the social structure.

When the narrator was invited for the first time to a party at the Duchesse de Guermantes' he was a very young man full of illusions. He believed that everyone at the party except himself was of illustrious birth, for how could the Guermantes soil themselves by contact with commoners? His imagination had invested the very name of Guermantes with a halo which could only be destroyed by considerable experience. Gradually, in the course of the novel, that experience is accumulated until the narrator realizes how romantic his conception of the aristocracy had been. Proust builds up this feeling of disillusion with many subtle, small strokes. For example, the narrator naïvely believes that the furnishings of the Guermantes' house date from the twelfth century, but his aristocratic friend Saint-Loup informs him that they are from the late seventeenth instead. This is very disappointing to the narrator, who had been expending his

[1] Four French Novelists, by G. Lemaitre. London, 1938.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lively imagination on the basis of erroneous facts. One after another, the romantic scales drop from his eyes. Proust's book might very well have been called "An Unsentimental Education," for that is essentially what it is. At last, when he is old and wise, he attends the oft-quoted party at the Princesse de Guermantes' after the war and his last illusions concerning the inaccessibility of the aristocracy vanish. He recognizes many of his bourgeois friends, and in his hostess herself he recognizes the former Mme. Verdurin, whom the Prince de Guermantes has married for her money. The feudal monolith is not so solid as it had once appeared to be. But this appearance was never the reality. There have always been cracks of evasion and hypocrisy in the aristocratic grandeur through which the bourgeois has managed to steal.

But while society remains fundamentally unchanged, Time teaches a dreamy young man to distinguish as carefully as with a prism the white, undifferentiated light of reality. We must not be misled into interpreting the changing view of the narrator as a change in the social picture itself. When the narrator is shocked at finding the Prince de Guermantes allied to the bourgeois Verdurin, he reflects on the nature of society, past and present, and makes some interesting observations:

> Even in that past to which I traced back the Guermantes' name in order to give it all its grandeur (and with good reason, by the way, for under Louis XIV the Guermantes, being almost a royal family, occupied an even more prominent position in society than today), the phenomenon that I was now observing used also to occur. Do we not find them at that time allying themselves by marriage, for example, with the Colbert family, which today seems of very noble rank, it is true, since marrying a Colbert is regarded as a fine match for a la Rochefoucauld? But the Guermantes did not ally themselves with the Colberts on account of the latter being noble, for they were simple bourgeois at the time; rather it was through their alliance with the Guermantes that they became noble.

When T. S. Eliot speaks of past and present it is always in order to contrast the glory of the former with the sordidness of the latter. "Where are the eagles and the trumpets?" But Proust is interested in showing us the similarity of past and present rather than the difference between them. Later, on the same page from which the previous quotation was drawn, he tries to make the reader understand that he has not been describing a change in society but a change in his own vision:

> On the first occasion when I dined at Mme. de Guermantes', how deeply I must have shocked men like M. de Beaucerfeuil, not so much by my being there as by remarks of mine testifying to my complete ignorance of the memories which made up his past and determined the form of his social habits. Some day when Bloch was very old and remembered, far in the past, the Guermantes salon as it looked to him today, he would feel the same astonishment, the same vexation in the presence of similar intruders and ignorant newcomers.

The difference is obviously between the initiated man and the uninitiated man and not between forms of society, which Proust looks upon as more or less constant. He speaks of "the countless Princesses de Guermantes to come," showing quite clearly that he thinks the aristocratic order has sufficient vitality to overcome the unfortunate accident of swallowing Mme. Verdurin. In passing from a romantic to a realistic vision of things, Proust did for a moment think that it was society itself that was changing.

> Like a senile old dowager, the Faubourg Saint-Germain replied only with timid smiles to insolent servants who invaded its drawing rooms, drank its orangeade and introduced its mistresses to it.

It is this quotation which has been seized upon by the critics because it fitted in with their preconceptions. That the opinion expressed in it is not Proust's final one is indicated by the fact that my first two quotations, which more than serve to counterbalance the third, follow it more than ten pages later. Proust's technique is to show us a point of view in the process of its evolution. This process must be viewed as a whole before its meaning becomes clear. By tearing a quotation out of context it has appeared that Proust was trying to convey the very opposite of his real meaning. Upon reflection he changed his hasty opinion. The fault lay not outside but within himself, within that faulty vision which had made him look upon social laws as ironbound and admitting of no exceptions. He looked back and found other examples of the phenomenon he was now witnessing. Had not the bourgeois Colberts married into the Guermantes family? The mixture of bourgeoisie and aristocracy had taken place in the past just as it was taking place in the present. In the future, this fact would shock the sensibilities of other men like himself, Bloch, for instance, who was a novice in society today but would be a habitual attendant then.

Proust makes an analogy between the position of the bourgeois in aristocratic society and the position of the Jew among anti-Semites. Both are tolerated so long as they do not evince sympathy toward the origins from which they are sprung. Because of this fact the new convert is often the most assiduous in defense of his adopted faith. The bourgeois becomes the most rabid anti-bourgeois. Previously it had been the unattainable aristocrats who were the "bores." Now the epithet is transferred to the unfortunate wives of politicians who have already been stepped on in the long climb up the social ladder.

The bourgeois is used by the nobility as were the Children of Israel by the Egyptians who mixed them with the mortar of which their monuments were built. In the salon of a Prince de Guermantes, whose splendor has been saved by the transfusion of the cash of a Mme. Verdurin, another bourgeois will find scant refuge while an impoverished Queen of Naples will be lavishly entertained.

The Faubourg Saint-Germain, as it appears in Proust's novel, is an exotic flower cultivated sometimes with manure, but yet a flower which is separate from this manure and of a beauty unstained by it. Its beauty is derived from the aristocracy's respect for the historical, associative overtones of names and places and its rejection of a standard of values which makes self-interest the only bond between man and man. The bourgeois world is cold and ugly to the romantic imagination. It cares for neither past nor future but is immersed in an eternal present. No wonder, then, if the second or third generation of a bourgeois family, the decadent posterity of a master builder, turns renegade to its class and makes every effort to identify itself with a class which is contemptuous of the commercial one. How can one speak

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of this as a process of "absorption" of the nobility by the bourgeoisie?

Critics have read in Proust a jeremiad against snobbery —the insolence of M. de Charlus brought down at last by old age and failing eyes; the futility of Mme. de Cambremer calculating her social campaign in terms of the number of years it will take her to reach a certain drawing room; and the spectacle of the maneuvers of Mme. Verdurin, Bloch and Legrandin. Yet by the side of this undoubtedly important element in the composition of the novel, I find that Proust regards the Faubourg Saint-Germain, the center of so much snobbery, as being very far from the worst of all possible worlds. Given the recalcitrant materials of human nature, it is perhaps nearest the ideal standard of gentility. An illustration of this attitude is to be found in the first part of the volume "Cities of the Plain." The narrator has forgotten to give the elevator boy his usual tip and notices the moroseness of his expression:

> Seeing the lift-boy ready, in his despair, to fling himself down from the fifth floor of the hotel, I asked myself whether, if our respective situations were to be altered, in consequence let us say of a revolution, instead of politely working his lift for me, the boy, grown independent, would not have flung me down the well, and whether there was not, in certain of the lower orders, more duplicity than in society, where, no doubt, people reserve their offensive remarks until we are out of earshot, but where their attitude toward us would not be insulting if we were reduced to poverty.

The political corollary of this social attitude is expressed by Proust in the last volume when, in the midst of berating the idiocy of the French nationalists, he says:

> All this stupidity was somewhat exasperating, but one was less vexed with the "Bloc National" when one suddenly saw the victims of Bolshevism, Grand Duchesses, in rags and tatters.

The aristocracy suffers from many faults but at least it does not measure the worth of a man by the number of integers in his bank balance. Proust is repelled by a materialistic standard of values, which the lower classes seem to share with the bourgeoisie, and it is that which makes him so intolerant of a possible revolution.

In the volume called "The Captive," Proust takes the reader by surprise when he remarks that men of today love the nation just as much as men of the past loved the city-state and as men of the future will love "the United States of the World." At no point does he indicate how the change, formulated in such a striking phrase, might take place; nor does he indicate whether it is compatible with his belief that there will be a "countless number of Princesses de Guermantes" in the future. But we should never expect Proust to concern himself with the details of social change. His misanthropic pessimism derives from a view of human nature which no form of society could change. Proust, who is relative in so many of his judgments, is absolute in this pessimism. He fears that if any social change does take place, it will be a change for the worse, and he tolerates the stupidity of the nationalists because they help to avert Bolshevism, the "unforeseen accident" which destroyed feudal Russia.

Proust, whose knowledge of individual psychology was so profound, did not have the equipment to be a social historian. His treatment of the war is an instructive example of his weakness in the field of social relationships. Was the war caused by rival imperialisms or by anything else which bears the taint of materialistic interest? Certainly not, says Proust. Insulted honor was the cause. France and Germany are conceived of as gigantic individuals, with the citizens as cells, and they fight for the same reasons that individuals would fight a duel. This chivalric view of the matter surely sounds naïve today. Proust was apparently not interested in the fact that for centuries men had been trying to make the study of society into a science. He does not seem to have taken advantage of these efforts, and critics who interpret Proust's intentions in the light of what they have learned from the social scientists are unfair to him. Dr. Spagnioli, in a scholarly comparison of Proust with contemporary social historians ("The Social Attitude of Proust," New York, 1936), has come to the conclusion that Proust's picture of French society resembles that of Balzac more than it resembles the reality of his own times. Proust was certainly more open to literary influences than to any others. To drag in Einstein, Freud and Marx, as some critics have done, in order to explain Proust, is far less helpful than an exact study of his literary derivations would be.

MILTON HINDUS

The Schoolboys

The First

Just to look at the boy was a delight.
He had a glitter to cast into the crowd
Which it was not in nature to resist.
All admired, he was so gay and proud,
And I bandaged his knuckles, after, one night,
He shattered his bedroom mirror with his fist.

The Second

Caught in the last room of the house of lies
Which he had built about himself to cover
The spindly body and the tremulous chin,
The boy cried out, knowing the struggle over,
"I hate the truth." And suddenly shut his eyes,
Seeing the enemies that hemmed him in.

The Third

This one has marked the year with rancor.
He shuns his classmates, and in his talk he seems
To take delight in bringing to their faces
The hurt rush of blood.
Asleep, he dreams
That he is a blue harbor where ships drop anchor
After weary travel in foreign places.

Envoi

They knock upon my study door because
They have been wounded in the general war,
And I administer comfortable old saws
To take the sting from the particular.

THOMAS RIGGS JR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Like the Sad Heart of Ruth

NO, MEMPHIS IN AUTUMN has not the moss-hung oaks of Natchez. Nor, my dear young man, have we the exotic, the really exotic orange and yellow and rust foliage of the maples at Rye or Saratoga. When our five-month summer season burns itself out, the foliage is left a cheerless brown. Observe that Catawba tree beyond the wall; and the leaves under your feet here on the terrace are mustard and khaki colored; and the air, the atmosphere (who would dare to breathe a deep breath!) is virtually a sea of dust. But we do what we can. We've walled ourselves in here with these evergreens and box and jasmine. You must know, yourself, young man, that no beauty is native to us but the verdure of early summer. And it's as though I've had to take my finger, just so, and point out to Kate the lack of sympathy that there is in the climate and in the eroded countryside of this region. I have had to build this garden and say, "See, my child, how nice and sympathetic everything can be." But now she does see it my way. You understand, my daughter has finally made her life with me in this little garden plot, and year by year she has come to realize how little else there is.

And you, you know nothing of flowers? A young man who doesn't know the zinnia from the aster! How curious that you and my daughter should have made friends. I don't know under what circumstances you two may have met, but my daughter now has most of her friends among the flower-minded people. She makes so few friends nowadays outside of our little circle, sees so few people outside our own garden here, really, that I find it quite strange for there to be someone who doesn't know flowers.

No, nothing, we've come to feel, is ever very lovely, really lovely, I mean, in this part of the nation, nothing *but* this garden; and you can well imagine what even this little bandbox of a garden once was. I created it out of a virtual chaos of a back yard—Kate's playground, I might say. For three years I nursed that little magnolia there, for one whole summer did nothing but water the ivy on the east wall of the house; if only you could have seen the scrubby hedge and the unsightly servants' quarters of our neighbors that are beyond my serpentine wall (I suppose, at least, they're still there). In those days it was all very different, you understand, and Kate's father was about the house, and Kate was a child. But now in the spring we have what is truly a sweet garden here, modeled on my mother's at Rye; for three weeks in March our hyacinths are an inspiration to Kate and to me and to all those who come to us regularly; the larkspur and marigold are heavenly in May over there beside the roses.

But you do not know the zinnia from the aster, young man? How curious that you two should have become friends. And now you are impatient of her, and you mustn't be; I don't mean to be too indulgent, but she'll be along presently. Only recently she's become incredibly painstaking in her toilet again. Whereas in the last few years she's not cared so much for the popular fads of dress. Gardens and floral design have occupied her—with what guidance I could give—have been pretty much her life, really. Now in the old days, I confess, before her father was taken from us—I lost Mr. Ross in the dreadfully hot summer of '30, the summer of the nationwide drought when all my flowers died in June (*All* of them, though not one from neglect. Young man, I worked my flowers the very day Mr. Ross passed away. A dreadful summer)—why, she used then to run here and there with people of every sort, it seemed. I put no restraint upon her, understand. How many times I've said to my Kate, "You must make your own life, my child, as you would have it." Yes, in those days she used to run here and there with people of every sort and variety, it seemed to me. Where was it you say you met, for she goes so few places that are really *out* any more? But Mr. Ross would let me put no restraint upon her. I still remember the strongheadedness of her teens that had to be overcome and the testiness in her character when she was nearer to twenty than thirty. And you should have seen her as a tot of twelve when she would be somersaulting and rolling about on this very spot. Honestly, I see that child now, the mud on her middy-blouse and her straight yellow hair in her eyes.

When I used to come back from visiting my people at Rye, she would grit her teeth at me and give her confidence to the black cook. I would find my own child become a mad little animal. It was through this door here from the sun-room that I came one September afternoon—just such an afternoon as this, young man—still wearing my traveling suit, and called to my child across the yard for her to come and greet me. I had been away for the two miserable summer months, but at the sight of me the little Indian turned and with a whoop she ran to hide in the scraggly privet hedge which was at the far end of the yard. I called her twice to come from out that filthiest of shrubs. "Ellen Katherine!" We used to call her by her full name when her father was alive. But she didn't stir. She crouched at the roots of the hedge and spied at her travel-worn mother between the leaves.

I pleaded with her at first quite indulgently and good-naturedly and described the new ruffled dress and the paper cut-outs I had brought from her grandmother at Rye. Then at last I threatened to withhold my presents until Thanksgiving or Christmas. The cook in the kitchen may have heard some change in my tone, for she came to the kitchen door over beyond that lattice work which we've since put up, and looked out first at me and then at the child. While I was threatening thus, my daughter crouched in the dirt and began to mumble things to herself which I could not hear, and the noises she made were like those of an angry little cat. It seems that it was a warmer afternoon than this one—but my garden does deceive—and I had been moving about in my heavy traveling suit. In my exasperation I stepped out into the rays of the sweltering sun, and into the yard which I so detested; and I uttered in a scream the child's full name, "Ellen Katherine Ross!" Just then the black cook stepped out onto the back porch, but I ordered her to return to the kitchen. I began to cross the yard toward Ellen Katherine—that frowning little girl who was *incredibly* the same Kate you've met—and simultaneously she began to crawl along the hedgerow toward

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the wire fence that divided my property from the neighbor's.

I believe it was the extreme heat that made me speak so very harshly and with such swiftness as to make my words incomprehensible. When I saw that the child had reached the fence and intended climbing it, I pulled off my hat, tearing my veil to pieces as I hurried my pace. I don't actually know what I was saying—I probably couldn't have told you even a moment later—and I didn't even feel any pain from the turn which I gave my ankle in the gulley across the middle of the yard. But the child kept her nervous little eyes on me and her lips continued to move now and again. Each time her lips moved I believe I must have raised my voice in more intense rage and greater horror at her ugliness. And so, young man, striding straight through the hedge I reached her before she had climbed to the top of the wire fencing. I think I took her by the arm above the elbow, about here, and I said something like, "I shall have to punish you, Ellen Katherine." I did not jerk her. I didn't jerk her one bit, as she wished to make it appear, but rather, as soon as I touched her, she relaxed her hold on the wire and fell to the ground. But she lay there —in her canniness—only the briefest moment looking up and past me through the straight hair that hung over her face like an untrimmed mane. I had barely ordered her to rise when she sprang up and moved with such celerity that she soon was out of my reach again. I followed—running in those high heels—and this time I turned my other ankle in the gulley, and I fell there on the ground in that yard, this garden. You won't believe it—pardon, I must sit down—you won't believe it: she didn't come to aid me with childish apologies, but instead she deliberately climbed into her swing that hung from the dirty old poplar that was here formerly (I have had it cut down and the roots dug up) and she began to swing, not high and low, but only gently, and stared straight down at her mother through her long hair—which, you may be sure, young man, I had cut the very next day at my own beautician's and curled into a hundred ringlets.

PETER TAYLOR

The Poet Leaves a Burning City

Let the mind skin itself of the treacherous past
And its analogies: let the fire have it as it has
The walls and monuments, the pasteboard affections
Of the young, the stale vices, the doors their keys
Could never match. Let the dolls go,
And with them the acid notes of charity, the clothes
Devolved from the rich, the beds and rented hopes.
Let even the few who loved me foolishly
And those many I loved fall with the rest.
Let what I know of life char under the tenements.
I must leave here carrying no ledgers,
Holding no accounts with time and its
Repeated loss and loss. The city's ash,
A priestly touch, must be no souvenir.
To remember is to blame, a common weakness,
And I must be strong before the bandit
Pities, the lurking indecisions of day.
Weakness no one honors, historians merely
Explain it, and it is late for anger, sir.
There is room for pride and purpose only, spirit
Freed from the fingering ruin and its wretched last.

STEPHEN STEPANCHEV

Sonnet for My Husband

Wheeling it whirring before us like a pram,
stepping with elegant lightness close and click,
the smooth handle scarcely grasped, as a femme
very dainty very sure very aware of every trick
forming a tableau superlatively trim:
position secure, family excellent stock,
starched cap fashionably puritan-prim
and doveyest charge on the entire block.

Till suddenly the picture slickness is foiled:
the wheels fall off the careful uniform is soiled
coach pitches crazily the baby is screamingly tossed
if we had never met if our lives had never crossed
down to the muddy ground oh look at it tumbling
the idiot accident blobber-mouthed and fumbling.

EVE MERRIAM

Trial and Error

My mother held me close to the mask of the moon,
that gleamed, upon the window, like a toy;
"Impossible," she said, "for any man."

My father took me to the teeth of the white hound,
the sensual, lean hound beneath the elm;
he said, "You give a vulnerable hand."

My angel brought me to the bleak bones of a saint
and said, outside the sanctuary door,
"That is the true direction of ascent."

When my love led me to the inviolate rose,
I cried and bled, but Oh! I could not rise.

KENNETH A. SCHOLES

Parade

It was a valorous music poured upon us
In that bright morning, and it was as though
The whole dour earth were moved by those sweet sounds
That played around our bodies and in motion
Conceived in us a love, but not of loving.
We might have been alone upon the sun.

We were then pierced by pride that was entrancing,
And stood there, made of sweat and steel and polish,
Each with his latest thought his last thought wounding,
A being in a being. The white music
Caught us in clouds of sound and swirled us skyward.
We were aware of nothing but our fires.

Then suddenly I lived beyond my breathing,
Dissolved the mists of music, saw beside me
Myself in such a stance, in various guises,
The eternal soldier; and the ground was stirring
Beneath my feet, and cities falling down.
And madmen played gold music in my ears.

HARRY BROWN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Random House Books

Storm

A NOVEL BY GEORGE STEWART

"A phenomenal novel . . . It seems to me one of the most remarkable books of the year. I have never read anything else like it in any year."—*Ralph Thompson, N. Y. TIMES.* "One of the most exciting and far and away the most original novel of the year . . . For the Pulitzer Prize for 1941."—Lewis Gannett, *N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE.* 349 pages, $2.50

ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR

By LEWIS L. LORWIN

A realistic appraisal of the shape of things to come after the titanic struggle between democracy and totalitarianism is settled. The author is consultant to the National Resources Planning Board and a leading economist. $3.00

WILD GEESE

AND HOW TO CHASE THEM

By CHARLES ALLEN SMART
author of R.F.D.

Is the art of living a wild goose chase? Here is a witty and contemplative book that considers life in terms of the fun that can be made of it. $2.00

DAKAR

OUTPOST OF TWO HEMISPHERES
By EMIL LENGYEL
author of TURKEY

Dangerously important because it's only five hours away by bomber! Here is the first comprehensive book about Dakar in any language, with a special section on other strategic danger spots: *Cape Verde*, the *Azores*, and the *Canary Islands*. With maps, $2.00

THE BASIC WORKS OF ARISTOTLE

The first one-volume edition ever published. Aristotle's greatest works, complete and unabridged, in a handsome volume of 1536 pages. Edited by *Richard McKeon.* $4.00

RANDOM HOUSE Hits

WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?
by Budd Schulberg

LAST MAN AROUND THE WORLD
by Stephen Longstreet

JACOB
by Irving Fineman

SPENLOVE IN ARCADY
by William McFee

The 1942 NEW YORKER ALBUM

STRANGERS ARE COMING
by I. A. R. Wylie

JUNIOR MISS
by Sally Benson

RANDOM HOUSE, 20 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Loaf of Bread

ABOUT THIS TIME IN OCTOBER, some leaves, windblown from the sycamore tree that stands near the courthouse, go sliding, with a dry slithering sound, down the pavement of Jefferson Avenue. At the corner of Jefferson Avenue and Main they come to a stop in an aged and unexpecting huddle near the curb. The feet of many folks—folks with cotton money and folks without any kind of money—go back and forth along Jefferson until the leaves are ragged and tattered like the clothes of little children. A farmer or a woman might drop a dime there among the taggy leaves; and it might lie hidden until a passing wind, stirring in the trashiness, would let it peek out like a full moon half-shut in by a broken cloud.

Loxey Cunningham saw that dime, and before he jumped for it, something went running through him as if a rabbit were in his muscles. He wanted that dime—wanted it so bad that he could feel himself tingling in between his legs.

Even when he could feel it hard and round and thin between thumb and finger, like a little wheel, he wasn't able to believe that he had found it and that it was his dime.

He stirred around in the leaves with his other hand. He didn't find any more money, only leaves and dirt and trash. But he did see a good, long stub of a cigarette; and, as he picked it up, somebody standing right over him said, "Loxey, do your Paw know you done started smoking?"

Loxey squatted lower, flinched, and a cold something was heavy in his belly. He looked up at Uncle Jake in the one-eyed way a chicken looks up. He could see by the slant of Uncle Jake's eye that the dime was not seen; Uncle Jake was seeing the cigarette. Fast as he could do it without Uncle Jake seeing, Loxey closed his right hand. Then he let the cigarette dribble off the fingers of his left.

Uncle Jake was pig-eyed—and fat, too, like a hog; his face was red; and stubby bristles made him look more and more like a big boar-hog. Seeing him, seeing the pig-facedness of Uncle Jake, was always to see in memory all the hurting times the face had made.

They used to be sent over to Uncle Jake's and Aunt Millie's every time a baby came to Maw. Paw used to send them over, telling them before they left, "The Book says, 'Honor thy father and mother.' When yawl go over to Millie's it's like she's yer own maw, and Jake's like yer own paw. An' yawl do like they says, er I'll tan yuh in an inch uh yer lives. Unnerstan'?"

They heard, but they could not understand. Paw had a curious God, who stood back of Paw and Uncle Jake. Backing up Paw was not as curious as backing up Uncle Jake. Paw did go to church. He was big in the Gum Bay church. But Uncle Jake never went to church.

And when they were sent over, Uncle Jake said things they couldn't understand. That was when they were little. When they were older, they understood. Uncle Jake used to say, "Dammit to hell, your paw sure do go after it. His old lady oughter be like mine—without no insides." And he said once, "That one makes five of you already, Loxey. And it's what keeps Joe so thin and measley. Lookit me! Fat and no houseful of kids."

Uncle Jake said to him as he stood, "You oughter be ashamed, Loxey, a-sneaking around picking up butts when your paw is a good Christian member of the church."

Loxey said, "I thought I seen a marble down there in the trash."

"Where's your Paw?"

"He went up towards the courthouse a while back."

Uncle Jake spat a big, brown blob close to Loxey and grunted, "You're a lying scoundrel! I seen him down the street near Tucker's just now. Maybe I won't tell him on you though."

"You can tell him what you want to, I don't give a damn."

Uncle Jake spat again, so close to Loxey that one little, brown speck hopped up on to Loxey's big toenail and sat there. Uncle Jake said, "Yeah, I'll tell him you cussed me, too. He'll beat your butt-end raw for that. He ain't churchified for nothing."

Loxey said nothing. He dug his hands deep into the pockets of faded denim overalls, and turned away, making as if to leave. Making to leave was plenty now, because Loxey Cunningham had a dime and was in the middle of town and didn't care how many times Uncle Jake had said, "God damn you kids, I done kept you up all your life! So, when I say, 'Pick cotton,' I mean do that thing!"

It wasn't until he was across Jefferson and on the other corner that he looked backwards over his shoulder. Uncle Jake was going away, down the street toward Tucker's. The galluses of Uncle Jake's overalls came over his shoulders like buggy-harness on a big mule. They met each other in the middle of Uncle Jake's back. Loxey watched the broad blue-shirted back move away. He grinned a little grin to himself and brought his hand out of his pocket and opened it.

The dime was dirty. Loxey spat on it. It shined more after he had rubbed it on his overalls.

Loxey walked up Main toward the depot; there was such a crowd around the station that Paw and Uncle Jake wouldn't be able to find him, if they looked. Everybody around the station was laughing, frolicky-like, and telling jokes and yelling to each other. Loxey climbed onto one of the high, red and little-wheeled baggage wagons; he sat there watching the people and thinking about his dime and about what, of all the things there were, he would buy with his dime. A kid sucking a piece of red-and-white candy went by. The dime would buy candy. But there ought to be something bigger and better than candy.

A reason they liked to go to Uncle Jake's, he thought, was that Aunt Millie always put more stuff on the table than their Maw did at home. Maw tried awfully hard, and she nearly always managed to get some salt meat and pone-bread or something like that. Sometimes it wasn't enough for two helpings, but it generally went around once. At Uncle Jake's, though, they had ham a lot of times, and sausage, and grits and gravy. The gravy that Aunt Millie fixed was thickening-gravy. It had flour in it. They used to have gravy at home, only it was grease from the fatback. They mixed it with syrup and sopped it. It made

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good victuals whenever they were hungry—and that was every time—but the things Aunt Millie fixed made better ones.

And one night Uncle Jake wasn't there for supper. He was in town, Aunt Millie said. She sat in Uncle Jake's place and said the blessing. When she finished, everybody reached for something. Loxey got a piece of ham in one hand and a piece of white bread in the other, and the stuff looked so good that he could nearly already taste it.

There were Aunt Millie and all of the kids—and just afterwards there was Uncle Jake, too. It seemed that he might have been floating around on a minute and, when the minute came toward them, he floated in on it, so that Loxey half-expected to see him go backward out the door when the minute was over and gone.

But he stayed. He swayed a little as he stood there, his pig eyes looking in quick, little jumps from one to the other of them. His face was redder than usual. He said, "Well, I'll be God-damned, Millie! Every blessed little scutter of 'em is setting there ready to eat before I even get home. I'll say; that's a hell of a note!"

Aunt Millie went on up to Uncle Jake, and her hands went to his galluses. She was nearly about crying when she said, "But, Jake, it got so late, I got to thinking you was held up in town. And all the kids was sleepy. That's the only reason."

Uncle Jake wouldn't let her say any more. He took one of his great, hairy hands and caught both of Aunt Millie's wrists just like they were a pair of reins. He clamped down hard. Aunt Millie said, "Oh!" That was all. It was one short sound, sucked in and jumping down her throat like a scared mouse. Then she fell away to one side against the wall, and when Uncle Jake turned her loose, she just stood there, her hands and arms wilting down from her like corn on a hot day.

Every one of them, except Betty Lee, maybe, was wishing that babies never would come to Maw even if it did mean they wouldn't ever get a bait of victuals. They were afraid to look straight at Uncle Jake, but they could feel him as he stood watching, while he worked on the mad place that was deep inside him. Finally he yelled, "God-amighty damn! Git out of my sight, you little bitches and son-of-a-bitches! Git to bed! Now!"

There were six of the kids, five of them and Betty Lee. Uncle Jake was her uncle, too, but she was Uncle Jake's sister's girl and wasn't any kin to them. But she used to come over to Uncle Jake's now and again.

Uncle Jake came charging around the table to where Loxey was. He stood over Loxey, and he was swaying like a big wagonload of hay on a rough road. Something knotted up inside Loxey at the place where his breastbone left off and his belly began. Uncle Jake's two hands reached down, took the bread and ham that Loxey was still holding, and flung it onto the table. Then something heavy and meaty hit Loxey and knocked him out of the chair. He lay on the floor trying to think and to feel. He tried not to cry. Two or three of the kids began to whimper, so Loxey pulled himself off the floor and said, "Let's go home."

Uncle Jake's arm went up. He said, "You ain't going nowhere tonight excepting up to bed. So git!"

They went on, but Betty Lee went back. Her papa owned a place that was almost as big as Uncle Jake's.

Later on that night Loxey lay on the pallet with his two brothers watching the moon, red-orange and bloody, go down in the west. There was no light to the moon, and all outdoors was dead and ghostly and full of deep devilishness. It was a time to think about dying, even God's dying. Then, far-off and lonesome, a train whistle blew; and Loxey wondered, when he heard it, whether, if he had been dead, he could have heard.

And now, on that Saturday afternoon, as a train came down the grade to the station and whistled in a far-off and lonesome way, he thought of that night at Uncle Jake's, the time Uncle Jake came in drunk on a minute.

Suddenly, it came to him what he wanted to buy with the dime. Suddenly, the picture of the ham and the white bread, lying on the table where Uncle Jake had flung it, came to him. A loaf of white bread—that was what he would get with his dime, and have it all to himself—a loaf of white bread.

He didn't wait any longer to watch the people or to see the train. He hopped down from the baggage wagon and started down the street toward Mr. Ben Darley's grocery store.

Loxey was out of town and half the way home before he began to wonder where he would go to eat the bread. He had to have some water, or else the bread would lump up and choke him. He didn't want to go home. All of his brothers and sisters were there to tell on him unless he gave them some of the bread, and he meant to have all of it for himself. Anyway, one loaf of white bread wouldn't be enough to go around. None of them could get a bait of it. So he knew he'd have to slip down by the spring and eat the bread before he ever went home.

He couldn't let Paw know. Paw never believed in white bread unless it was bought with hard-earned cotton money. The Book said man should make bread by the sweat of his brow. That made pone-bread Christian bread. So, for Loxey, there wasn't anything except to eat the bread and let nobody know about it.

As he passed by Ed Jurneyman's, there on the porch sat Aunt Millie talking with Ed's mama.

Aunt Millie called to him, and asked, "What you got in that there sack, Loxey?"

He hated to lie to Aunt Millie, but, if he told the truth, Ed's mama would be sure to blab to his folks. So he thought fast and answered Aunt Millie: "It's just an old pair of shoes a man give me in town."

Ed's mama said, "Heh, heh, well, why don't you put them on?"

"I'm saving them for Sunday," he told her.

Aunt Millie said, "That's right, Loxey. You're getting old enough almost to catch a gal now."

He said, "Shucks," and picked up speed. He could hear them laughing, but he didn't look back. He was thinking about two other things already. The first was what he'd say about the shoes he didn't have when Aunt Millie made mention of them around his folks. He decided he'd tell everybody that he was fooling, and didn't have any shoes at all, just a sack of leaves. He could fill the empty sack with leaves and make out the whole tale. The other thing that he thought about had come to him when he knew that Uncle Jake and Aunt Millie weren't at home. And, as he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

really began to think about it, things rushed in on him so that he didn't have time to think about a lot of other things.

He could see already the icebox in Aunt Millie's kitchen. There, in the icebox, yellow specks of butter floated at the top of a half-gallon jar of buttermilk—a big, green jar full to the brim with thick, tongue-stinging buttermilk, ice-cold. When, all of a sudden, something like that hit him, the long months of pone-bread and syrup and grease-gravy went flabby where, he guessed, his soul ought to have been; and his mouth watered in what seemed to be a sinfully warm sort of way.

The front door at Uncle Jake's wasn't locked. Aunt Millie never locked up, no matter how much Uncle Jake bellowed. The tingling he had known when he found the dime became a sharpness trying to find the inside of him. It cut a twanging string and turned things loose inside him.

Bread on the table across the kitchen from the icebox. Cold air out against him—his own breath hot between his teeth. The block of ice, cool and clear and deep as a shady creek, and, alongside, a green jar of buttermilk. The plate of butter, beside the milk. He had come for milk only and had to hurry. A knife to cut butter. A sharp knife in the drawer across the room.

Time inside him crawling like a long freight train on an uphill grade; and time outside, plunging down a square-built chute toward a door, behind which door he stood, full of feeling and full of a rawness of sense.

Butter melted from the heat of the hand, a small glass in the cupboard. Butter in glass, glass in hand with knife, bread under arm. Green jar of buttermilk, cold, chilly cold, in the other hand.

The sound of running feet! And Betty Lee cried through the house, "Aunt Millie! Aunt Millie!"

Part of his breath going in and part coming out fought in his throat. He would try to get away. Both hands full, he couldn't open the kitchen door that led to the back porch. So, when Betty Lee came into the kitchen, he was standing there.

Betty Lee's hand went up to her mouth as if to stop the sound of "Oh!" Then she said, "The door was open. I thought Aunt Millie was here."

He said, "She ain't here, I don't reckon."

Betty Lee looked at the things in his hands.

She looked at them, one by one, before she said, "Did Aunt Millie—?"

"It ain't no business of yours!" he broke in on her. Then he decided he'd better play up to her. He said, "Listen here, Betty Lee, I'll tell you what: let's me and you go and eat this together, and you can have half."

Betty Lee frowned and put her finger in the corner of her mouth. "Mother sent me over to borry some eggs."

He said, "Shucks, we'll have this et up in no time. Then you can run back and tell her that Aunt Millie ain't at home. That wouldn't be no story, either." He shoved the butter and the knife toward her, and when she took it, kind of unconsciously, he knew she was going to come. Even when she said, "But we'd be stealing," he knew he had her.

He said, "Aw, it might be hooking, but not stealing. Ain't we kin to Aunt Millie? Don't she git plenty of milk and butter? And this here loaf-bread, it's mine. I found a dime and bought it."

Betty Lee's face got brighter, and maybe a little more evil, too. She wasn't as hungry as he was, but the idea of doing something that ought not to be done got her. Still Betty Lee was afraid they'd get caught.

She asked, "But that knife and jar and glass?"

He said, "Aw, the devil, Betty Lee, you're a fraidy-cat, like girls always is. We can leave this stuff in the barn where Uncle Jake'll find it. He'll blame it on one of the niggers. Come on, and let's go."

So she went with him. He had to promise her as they went toward the barn that if they got caught, he'd take all the blame.

They were settled in the nearly empty, west corncrib, when, in just the way he'd done once before, Uncle Jake floated in on his minute and stayed.

For a second, things were so still that Loxey thought he could hear the weevils crackling in the last few ears of corn. Then Betty Lee said, "Oh!" Loxey couldn't see her, but he knew her hand was over her mouth.

Uncle Jake stepped up into the crib, easily and slowly like a spider tracking a fly. The corners of his mouth began to drop until they became two sharp, tobacco-juice-brown points hanging down his chin. Loxey edged away, knocked against a little hill of corn. One ear bumped hollowly on the floor, while the remainder slid across each other during a little space. The sound they made was a whispering.

Uncle Jake stood over Loxey. Loxey's looking went up from Uncle Jake's red-brown brogans and along his legs to where his belly came out, fat and pillowy and round. So far, Uncle Jake's hands hung by his sides, but the fingers were working in the joints.

Betty Lee whimpered, "It wasn't me done it, Uncle Jake. It was Loxey."

Uncle Jake whipped around and made like he would hit Betty Lee. Betty Lee's breath jumped into her, and Loxey could hear it go. Then she screamed a long scream, loud and sharp; finally Uncle Jake bent over and shook her. He said, "Shut up! I ain't going to hit you!"

Loxey saw his chance; he jumped up and broke for the door. Uncle Jake whirled, fast like a rat-terrier, and hit him in the chest with a fist. Loxey lay there on the floor, his breath gone; but Uncle Jake didn't stop. He started kicking and kept kicking for a long time, it seemed. Loxey's whole left leg went dead. He couldn't feel the last two kicks.

Uncle Jake started talking in the low voice the preacher used when the text was on the evilness of sin. All the while, Betty Lee was scroonched up into a little ball, crying without sound; and Loxey was hurting like raw meat and gristle.

"Wasn't looking for me home, was you? Robbing me of house and home, jus' taking over, wasn't you? Didn't count on me a-coming in early from town, didn't know this here new pair of shoes would git to hurting my corns, did you? Never counted on that, did you? Naw! Jus' aimed to have yourselfs a feed! And then what was you aiming to do? Like I don't know! Goddam your soul, Loxey! And Betty Lee almost your own sister. That's a nasty sinful thing to think of."

Uncle Jake hit Loxey twice on the side of the head. "That maybe'll learn you to grow up to be a Christian like your paw, and not be no kin-robbing, kin-raping little bastard!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By the way Uncle Jake ended in a shout Loxey knew he was ready to start beating again. Loxey put his head down and took most of it on his back. And all through it Loxey didn't say anything. He guessed he had done wrong to steal, even if it didn't seem like stealing. But, now, the beating was over, and Uncle Jake was ready to go. Uncle Jake said to Betty Lee, "Get up, and go on to the house." Just after Uncle Jake said this Loxey looked up; and he had to say something. He yelled crazily, "You can have all the rest, but that's my loaf-bread."

Uncle Jake had gathered all the stuff together, in his hands or under his arm, and he stood looking down at Loxey, his eyes, his lips, the angle of his head, all one big sneer. "Hanh! Hanh!" he laughed. "Where'n hell would you get a loaf of bread!"

Loxey made to run at him, but Uncle Jake poked with his foot. Loxey yelled again, "It's mine! I bought it with a dime I found! You seen me when I found it, too."

Betty Lee was standing outside the crib now. Her eyes were level with Loxey's; and they were little black marbles. She cried stridently, "He didn't, Uncle Jake! He stole that bread, and when I caught him he made me come!"

Loxey began to feel hot with tears around the eyes. "She's a-lying!" he shouted at her.

Uncle Jake gave another kick. Some of the buttermilk sloshed out of the jar and made a little white circle on the crib floor. Uncle Jake said, "Don't call her no lie! And lookit what you made me do!"

They turned their backs on Loxey. The crib was a cell, and Loxey was the prisoner being left alone. He was crying like a kid now, and talking at the same time. "It was my dime! It was my bread! I found it; it was mine!"

They weren't in the doorway of the crib any longer. They were going away from him. He got to his feet and jumped out of the crib. He stood there on the ground inside the barn and watched Uncle Jake and Betty Lee go outside and into the sunlight.

Their shadows bobbed to the left of them, bobbed up and down, a shorter shadow in front of a longer shadow, both of them going away from Loxey.

Just inside the barn and leaning against the wall, prongs down, was a pitchfork. A wheel somewhere within him began to whirl. As it whirled, it slung salt-tears through him. They stung in his blood and in his soul. He set the fork in his hands, left hand forward on the handle and his right arm crooked at the elbow and the right hand back a little on the handle. The end of the handle was hard against his ribs. He ran forward, madly.

The sharp prongs, bright with haying, shone in the sun as Uncle Jake's back floated toward them. The spot where the galluses crossed in the middle of the back floated in on a minute, curving down like a swooping bird and—a jolt in Loxey's ribs. Something gave way, because the points were sharper than the handle.

Uncle Jake groaned in a tired sort of way.

The full ploshy clink of something breaking on the ground. Uncle Jake stood stock-still in his tracks. Loxey was away from the handle, watching his loaf of white bread hit the ground, roll, and stop. And every time Uncle Jake coughed, or tried to cough, the handle of the pitchfork jerked stiffly and poked like a long finger at Loxey.

Betty Lee's voice, full of wonderment, said, "Loxey, blood's coming out of Uncle Jake's mouth; and he can't see me." Then Betty Lee screamed.

Uncle Jake fell slowly like a heavy tree. He couldn't double-up in the middle, because of the prongs in him. He fell; and he was straight and treelike when he fell. The fork stayed in him, leaning to one side like a rotten fencepost.

Betty Lee's screaming grew less loud as she ran into the house.

The ground sloped where Uncle Jake lay. A brook of buttermilk streaked with red ran from under Uncle Jake. Loxey picked up his loaf of white bread. For a moment, he stood motionless, the way a wild animal pauses. Then he ran back behind the barn, across the fields, and into Mattison's Swamp. Down in the swamp, he pulled the wrapper off the bread and saw that the loaf was moulded. When he saw that, he just sat there in the half-darkness of the swamp and listened to the sounds come within the night. He was tired and wearied in the way the world grows old. He sat there with the loaf on his knees. Far away he could hear people shouting as they set out to hunt him. He sat there, quietly, waiting for them. After a while he grew hungry and ate a piece of his bread, mould and all.

ROBERT GIBBONS

Two Poems

I

There was of course no saying what the end would be:
Whether the stricken men would hold out for terror
And the loosed machines to be caught in pits singly,
Or whether the foe would fall from happy error,
Once held to dog the steps of evil-doers,
Or finally whether a final weariness
Might not yet unarm themselves, always surer
Of decent private matters than of no and yes.

It was natural that his dreams should show the victory time:
He saw himself healed at last of the old trouble,
Leading a ghostly peace-pact pantomime,
Or laying a city over the accusing rubble.
But when he rose from the different dreams to go
He looked at his comrades' faces, beheld the foe.

II

Loving more than another what was old,
Still the architect's sketches excited him;
Home was razed and the culture became the man,
Loosed to assume a new and freer form.
And somehow he thought the walls would be as clean as paper
And the oaks combed like pictures and waiting,
So that coming on the completed structure
He was seized with an enormous remorse:
The native stone was bright, lines untrue,
And the behavior of the freed men disappointing.
Committed now like the rest, around each hill
He still half hopes to come on a secret dukedom,
Old, storied, and himself the generous duke.

WILLIAM MEREDITH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Children Selecting Books in a Library

The little chairs and tables by a wall
Bright with the beasts and weapons of a book
Are properties the bent and varying heads
Slip past unseeingly: their looks are tricked
By our fondness and their grace into a world
Our innocence is accustomed to find fortunate.

Our great lives find the little blanched with dew;
Their cries are those of crickets, dense with warmth.
We wept so? How well we all forget!
One taste of memory (like Fafnir's blood)
Makes all their language sensible, one's ears
Burn with the child's peculiar gift for pain.

Their tales are full of sorcerers and ogres
Because their lives are: the capricious infinite
That, like parents, no one has yet escaped
Except by luck or magic; and since strength
And wit are useless, be kind or stupid, wait
Some power's gratitude, the tide of things.

They hunt among the shelves, as dogs do, grasses,
And finish with four cures for their one need.
Their drugs are not deadening for our diseases
And only puzzle us: they don't translate.
How can these games and giants lure them
To be clerks or us or crazy? to be great?

They are not learning answers but a method:
To give up their own dilemmas for the great
Maze of The World—to turn in all their gold
For the bank-notes of the one unwithering State.
Thus one escapes from anything, learns anything;
why people
Have grown good or wise by reading, books relate.

The Christmas Roses

The nurse is at the tree, and if I'm thirsty no one minds.
Why don't they finish? . . . If it's metastasizing
I wish that it would hurry. Yesterday it snowed.
The man they took before me died today.
When I woke up I thought I saw you on the bed,
You smiled at me and said, "It's all all right,"
And I believed you and went back to sleep.
But I was lucky: the mortality's so high
They put it in a footnote or don't mention it.

Why don't you write to me? . . . The day nurse sits and
holds
The glass for me, but yesterday I cried
I looked so white. I looked like paper.
Whiter. I dreamt about the pole, and bears,
And I see snow and sheets and my two nurses and the
chart
I make all by myself with my thermometer
In red that's like the roses that are like the blood
That's gone, that's gone for good—and what's left's spoiled.
The silly culture I keep warming for my death.

How could I believe you, how could I believe them?
You were lying, and I'm dying; and you knew . . .
I dreamed it, I woke and laughed at it; and then I saw
That there was nothing else that could be so.
I knew, I knew. And now I know you never meant
The least letter of the poorest kiss
You thought about and gave me; you and life were tired
of me.
You both thought—quickly, quietly, in a dream—
To kill me, to be rid at last, for good, for good,

Of that blind face that still looked up to you
For love, and then pity, and then anything . . .
And now I'm dying and you have your wish.
Dying, dying and I have the only wish
That I had strength or hope enough to keep,
To die: to lie here ruined and dumb and done,
And lose at last what I have left to lose, the shame
And need and pain, the unendurable desire:
What I was given for a world. . . . Now when I see myself

Even in my own thoughts, or dreams or—or desire,
It's only as a nuisance. Want out of a play
There begging in your bed; but it's I who am in bed
Really, O isn't it?—and it's not right, not right
Even to die so badly, once you loved me, too,
And I'm not angry now, I'm dying now, I—
Come to me! come to me! . . . How can I die without you?
Touch me and I won't die, I'll look at you
And I won't die, I'll look at you, I'll look at you.

The Difficult Resolution

Night after night the dead moon lit
Mortar and sentry, and the whole strand
Lay stripped of its cottagers, the night's dead
Who escape once more to their habitual
Graves from the terrible life of the island,
To the dream along whose beaches laps
The owned and amniotic sea.

They know their life, brilliant with the light and play
Riches afford each impulse, the distractions of sunlight
And surf and summer, engaging with the elaborated
Ejaculations of dancers, the laughs of nurses—
Terrible because it is still life: the mother
Thinks, "Enough. I may die"; and the girl speaks
Publicly of loving, and means her death.

Under the grave limbs, the accessible grace
Of the new flesh, the cell's old anguish
Works extravagantly: we learn to think,
"My wish unsatisfied, my need unknown,
My intent, and the world's incommensurable,
And happiness, if there is happiness, inaccessible—
Let me sleep, let me perish!" In the warm darkness
The sleeper whispers at last: "The grave is my mother."

There is the knowledge you and I unlearned.
We heard, a few nights, the unhousing sea,
No womb now of ours; the wind from the darkness
Laughed to us endlessly, a will of the world.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yesterday's peoples, those storms like an indignation
Of Europe's, implacable with its pressures and anguish—
Over the dark sea and centuries, the strangers coming

To die in the ranges of the empty land—
Who remembers those nameless? the needs and death
Of Yesterday on the bed of straw, by the wall of logs,
Who existed only that you might lavish
Your magnificent and unenduring smile
On the phosphorescence of bathers, the rockets wondering
Up to the cold galaxy—my own face

Looking and unendurable in the young night!
Today, the child lies wet and warm
In his big mother; tomorrow, too, is dumb,
The dry skull of the cold tomb. "Between?"
Between I suffered. "And are content at last
To know no more of that desire, of that intolerable
Anguish: the degradation and the limits of your kind? . . .
That is what you learned from the wind, from the darkness

"That was never still, that moved all night
Toward day and its death—star wandering
To other star, a stranger, a new sky?"
No, no! The wind, the night—
Those knew no will to sleep, no hope of death:
Blind strength, the harshness and agony of purpose—
The true, the sure will of that living world

Stretched taut around us like a crazy womb—
I learned that then; I too felt for my instant
The waves of that constriction, the rejecting lips
Wet still with the tides that formed us, with the blind
Determiners of that blind mother: the great beast
Convulsed with its passion for it knows not what,
That gives and takes away and gives and in the end destroys

All that has loved it or has found it bearable;
That weeps—weeps at us, not once for us; that at last
Twists us to pieces; slings us away, merciless with its despair
At us and at itself: the universe we judge.
Remember what you learned then: that you are powerless
Except to know that you are powerless, to learn
Your use and your rejection, all that is destroying you—
And to accept it: the difficult resolution.

RANDALL JARRELL

Notes from the Largest Imaginary Empire

TOWARD THE CULTIVATION of the Yellow Peril Myth so much American sweat has gone that I can only hope the mistletoe or mud I propose to sling will help somehow to scotch it. When I remember the troupes of ragged soldiers, some with fake rifles of wood and many with no boots, walking tired and out of step down the side streets of Sendai in the north of Japan; or when I recall the Sunday exercises of the military in the towns, when at every corner a trio of soldiers, each with a sprig of grass in his cap as camouflage, would spring out and startle the passers-by with their shrieks—then I suspect that there is a far graver Cochineal Peril than ever there was a Yellow.

In the evenings the young flautists practised among the gingko trees and in the grounds of the university athletes threw the javelin or young recruits rehearsed their war cry of *Banzai! Banzai!* Down the lanes, which even in April were mottled with shapes of snow, the ragged figures of middle-aged women led groups of children whose faces were gray with cold and whose clothes of cotton made them look like cheap and misshapen dolls picked up from gutters. I had a sense of poverty and privation that neither Glasgow nor London nor Chicago at their worst could equal. At the corners of important streets in Tokyo, when I first walked along the Ginza or the Marunochi, I recall being conscious of absences hanging about like alcoves, and was told by the student who showed me around that only a week before all the beggars had been taken off the streets and put in jail because they demoralized the population and anyhow looked bad because there were too many of them.

And all the while down the dirty side streets moved carts like brewers' wagons carrying huge barrels; and when I asked what these were could get an answer only with some embarrassment. These carts carry the excrement and urine of the towns and cities out into the fields where the crops receive them as manure. But the prevalence of enteric disease in this sad country poisons most of the excrement and so poisons most of the vegetables: consequently before they are eaten they have to be washed in disinfectants. I doubt very much whether there are as many miles of sewers in Tokyo, with its population of seven millions, as there is mileage of subway: *viz.*, six. It occurs to me also how peculiar it is that the notorious Japanese faculty for imitation only extends to the things that considerable cash can be made from, not hospitals, sewage, good roads, etc. And, apropos of the remark I made about the absence of beggars, I have been assured that the proportion of millionaires to population is higher in Japan than anywhere else. Myself, I believe this. The people are so poor that millionaires simply must flourish, merely by mathematical necessity.

Soon after I arrived at the university I was taken across to the rooms of the president, for the ritual of the Signing of the Contracts. I was shown into an enormous and heavily carpeted chamber in which, grouped without any recognizable domestic strategy, some half-dozen or so plain metal screens stood out. The president, who did not speak English, rose quietly and took me across to a screen. Then he took a number of small metal birds from his jacket pocket, and, smiling, stuck them on the surface of the screen, like flies on a wall. Then he moved them into other positions. And he continued to rearrange them until the interpreter entered. "The president of the Tohoku University," he said,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"is a famous metallurgist. He has invented magnetized birds that permit the designs on screens to be varied at will. He has been showing you these birds. Do you like them?" "It is ingenious," I said. "Could it be made into a game?"

When I saw an unshaven gentleman dressed in full-length underwear, a newspaper tied round his trunk, a derby hat well over his eyes, and no shoes, paying his devotions to the sacred or divine horse that hung its head sadly over the corral to which its altar gave entrance, then I began to speculate about the Japanese character. I speculated for a long time and got no further, so I presented my less ludicrous guesses to a young student who acted as my assistant at the university: "Tell me, Hikaru, what do you yourself, as a Japanese, consider the dominant characteristic of the nation?" Then, in accordance with the formality of the occasion and the seriousness of the question, a two-day silence followed. (This silence, which varies in length from two minutes to a week, is customary after a question. It is also, I think, intellectually expedient. The Japanese intelligence is extremely prone to the pursuit of hares or conquests or patents.) And when Hikaru and I were seated at tea a couple of days later, he said out of the blue: "Modesty, sir." And, I think excusably, I asked: "Modesty what, Hikaru?"

But the landscape is exquisite, with the minor evergreens and the Japanese alps revolving in the background as the train goes on, and the elaborate system of irrigation dividing the fields like lacework, and the laborers in their big hats and postures of interminable subjugation. So much rain should elicit a kind of melancholy from everything, but instead the showers remain purely decorative, as in Hiroshige. In this country even catastrophe is decorative and never tragic: it never disturbs the terrible fundamentals of the population. After so long they are too used to it. Sometimes, however, they panic, as, I am told, they did at the great Tokyo earthquake of 1923, when several thousand Koreans were massacred in a hysterical reflex.

"The Japanese," say the American missionaries who dress in kimonos and compose the seventeen-syllable Japanese poem, "have one gift above all others. It is the gift of perfect imitation." So I went to a grocer's shop and bought some cans of food with Heinz labels. And I showed them to the missionaries. The directions read: "To content this can can add one can cold water. Heat to boil to serve. If allowed. simmer few minutes the flavor will be improve." But when I pointed out these simple errors to the missionaries, they would say: "But you do not understand the Japanese. They are a nation of artists. Exactitude is abhorrent to them."

"We Japanese," remark the lacquered diplomats to me as we walk in the gardens, or the spectacled students who come to consult about Housman, "we Japanese are a nation of romantics and sentimentalists. We Japanese are given to strolling along the banks of rivers and gazing at the moon. Do we not celebrate the Festival of Moon Gazing? And you must remember the propensity we Japanese have for that final gesture of the dissatisfied romantic, a theatrical suicide." But they omit the dissatisfied and the theatrical. (Some of the suicides spring down the mouths of volcanoes.) "Consider the case of the young girl of Tokyo who tried to kill herself forty-nine times and failed again at the fiftieth." And I recalled the case as it appeared in the Nichi Nichi, for it seemed rather Gilbertian. But it had succeeded, this series of suicides that never came off, in one thing: it gave me the word that rose to the Japanese occasion. "The Mikado" is still the best guidebook to Japan.

"When I left my own country it was autumn," I said in my first lecture. "And now I have reached this island on the far side of existence, it is winter. There is a solar day and seventeen thousand miles between this university and the cottage I lugged my bags out of when I left. But two things are the same here as there: war and people." But before long I learned how much I was wrong: only one thing was the same: war. For in Japan I saw all around me the abject symbols of privation, suffering and degradation such as no other nation I know would continue to suffer without revolution. The fortunates wore cardboard shoes and the unlucky ones slippers made of straw—this in the thick of winter with several inches of snow—the clever had kept a match to light a stick of charcoal to keep them warm an hour, the circumspect had old overcoats from the pre-Incident days when some garments really had wool in them; and food was very scarce. I speak from a comparative ignorance of such matters as the spiritual causes of revolution, but I believed and still believe that the reason there is no revolution in the Japanese penitentiary is because the inhabitants do not possess the incentive for it: *i. e.*, a consciousness of the prerogatives of the human creature. Where there is no vision these people have perished.

The Tohoku Imperial University had invited me to teach there because I write poems and it has become customary to invite a poet to hold the chair of English at this university. But I was hardly prepared to find, after traveling such a long way, only two students (Hikaru, who considered the Japanese "modest," and Takuichi, who considered Dowson the greatest English poet) who could or cared to conduct a conversation in English with me. I was shocked and disappointed and curious to know why I was there until I heard it said that a tame poet looked nice around the place: and so I began to feel like the bird in the guilty cage. My predecessor in this chair had lived happily in Japan for some fifteen years or more (but they were the salad days of cherry blossoms, umbrellas, cigarettes, peace and John Drinkwater), puffing for days at a pipe and writing verses, I understand, about the pre-natal memories of dogs. I found myself with nothing to do but spend hours in the bar of the Imperial Hotel, where people who were spies, or ostentatiously pretending to be spies, hung about and eavesdropped on the conversations one had with one's friends.

And since this was soon as boring as only one's friends can be when there is no one else, I sometimes went out and wandered around looking at things. I saw groups of people gathering every morning at the railway station, all weeping and all with flags and flowers; some of them had come to welcome husbands and sons and lovers home from China and others had come to receive the casket of ashes of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

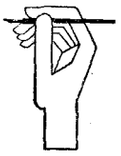
NEW DIRECTIONS BOOKS

NEW DIRECTIONS BOOKS

NEW TITLES FOR 1941-1942

THE REAL LIFE OF SEBASTIAN KNIGHT by Vladimir Nabokov. A brilliant psychological novel by an important Russian writer who has recently come to the U. S. A. European critics considered Nabokov a major novelist in the tradition of Gogol and Turgenev. $2.50

NEW DIRECTIONS 1941. Our sixth annual volume of "advance-guard" writing. An exhibition gallery of new trends. Featuring a survey anthology of Soviet poetry and complete plays by Bertolt Brecht and Delmore Schwartz. 600 pages. 40 writers. $3.50



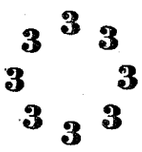
JAMES JOYCE by Harry Levin. A critical introduction to the works of Joyce — the first volume in our Makers of Modern Literature Series — "Baedekers" to the great moderns. Biography, background, summary, analyses and bibliography. Portrait by Man Ray. $1.50

THE WISDOM OF THE HEART by Henry Miller. A new collection of stories and essays by the author of "Tropic of Cancer." Miller stands completely apart in contemporary letters and is perhaps the most important "new direction" we have discovered. $2.50

GOETHE'S FAUST. An American translation by C. F. MacIntyre. Illustrated by Rockwell Kent. Here at last is a really readable translation of "Faust", a version which makes a great classic freshly alive today. German text included. With nine double-page Kent pictures. $3.50

THE POET OF THE MONTH. Monthly pamphlets of the best contemporary poetry, beautifully printed at fine presses. Rilke, Schwartz, Brecht, Van Doren, Cowley, Patchen, Williams, Pasternak, Thomas, etc. Write for free complete list of 24 titles. 35¢ each.

LATIN AMERICAN POETRY edited by Dudley Fitts & Dudley Poore. A survey anthology of poetic activity in our neighbor countries. English translations printed facing original texts. Complete with historical and critical notes. Ready in March. $3.50



THREE LIVES by Gertrude Stein. A new reprint edition in our New Classics Series of Miss Stein's best book, which has enormously influenced 20th century American style. "Three Lives" is one of the key books of modern literature. $1.00

FIVE YOUNG AMERICAN POETS 1941. A new group of young poets who are worth watching. Paul Goodman, Karl Shapiro, Jeanne McGahey, David Schubert and Clark Mills. 40 pages of poems and essays on poetry by each poet. Five books in one. $2.50

NEW DIRECTIONS, NORFOLK, CONN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

soldier. And squads of the military, tawdrily uniformed, lined up alongside the train shouting patriotic songs composed, years before, by the German leader of a Japanese brass band. I saw the act of urination everywhere and the act of defecation often. I saw Japanese aviators make several consecutive efforts to loop the loop in old biplanes; I saw the little officers strut along streets like cockerels safe from a cockpit. I saw the ghost of Lafcadio Hearn hiding its head in a bunch of chrysanthemums because its paradise was gone; I saw the twelve-year-old prostitutes squatting in their wooden cages in the prescribed streets—the word they called out softly as one passed sounded like the Italian "*caro*." And everywhere I went I witnessed the spectacle of a poverty that nothing, not even an enlarged empire, could condone.

By reason of the long time-lag that in this island intervenes between the question and the answer or the proposition and its execution (those impatient of public works in other countries should visit Japan), I had been waiting some months for the walls of my house to be papered. Then one morning I went across to a great Japanese scholar of the English tongue (he had written a thesis on the punctuation of Blake, and was also acquainted with my situation) and said: "Excuse me, but can you tell me when the work will begin?" He said: "You need not worry. The undertaker will soon be across." I protested. "Yes," he insisted, "of course. The one who undertakes. He will not be long."

Confronted thus with the one hundred and one conundrums of the Japanese character, I assumed the privilege of the scientist and evolved a theory to marry the incomprehensibles to the incompatibles. This theory was the elaboration of a remark made to me by an Everest mountaineer teaching in Tokyo, who said that no one could understand the Japanese without knowledge of the fact that they gestated for only six months in the womb. "This," he said, "is why, when they travel in trains, first they remove their shoes, then they curl up on the seat in the posture of the embryo, facing toward the window of their liberation, then they go to sleep. It also explains the public acts of urination and defecation. See Baudelaire on the Unborn. It explains the smallness. It also explains the prolonged fondness for dolls and toys and umbilical-like streamers of paper. It explains the ignorance of the rights of the adult human being. It explains the resignation. It explains the very late weaning of the baby from the mother. And most of all it explains the fundamental sense of inferiority that vents itself in militarism, the cultivation of supercilious silences and the invention of tortures."

GEORGE BARKER

Forest

There is the star bloom of the moss
And the hairy chunks of light between the conifers;
There are alleys of light as well where the green
    leads to a funeral
Down the false floor of needles.
There are rocks and boulders that jut, saw-toothed
    and urine-yellow.
Other stones in a field look in the distance like
    sheep grazing,
Gray trunk and trunklike legs and lowered head.
There are short-stemmed forests so close to the
    ground
You would pity a dog lost there in the spore-budding
Blackness where the sun has never struck down.
There are dying ferns that glow like a gold mine
And weeds and sumac extend the Sodom of color.
Among the divisions of stone and the fissures of branch
Lurk the abashed resentments of the ego.

Do not say this is pleasurable!
Bats, skittering on wires over the lake,
And the bug on the water bristling in light as he
    measures forward his leaps,
The hills holding back the sun by their notched edges
(What volcanoes lie on the other side
Of heat, light, burning up even the angels)
And the mirrors of forests and hills drawing nearer
Till the lake is all forests and hills made double,
Do not say this is kindly, convenient,
Warms the hands, crosses the senses with promise,
Harries our fear.
Uneasy, we bellow back at the tree frogs
And, night approaching like the entrance of a tunnel,
We would turn back and cannot, we
Surprise our natures; the woods lock us up
In the secret crimes of our intent.

Essay to Movement

Dancing, her flesh created me.
In the living pleasure of movement,
Curling and circling as a flame in the wind,
The costume so lightly persuading her bones,
Breasts and arms like the arising foam,
She, being god-possessed, breathed out the note,
Was the exodus of melody.
O I had entered the dancer's leg,
Was limb musical as the leaf
And the smiling frame of that body
Wrecked me too on the pavement of stones
As she in the great eye dancing danced
The insurgent wound of love,
O pressed out on its mouth
The mirror of its dying, was
The fire, cloud, leaf-flown,
O movement seemed a wind in the bone,
The climax of ache in the blood was she
Ever returning, recoiling,
And I fell to the arms of her death of experience.

The phrase is the breath; nuance the movement;
The key, color of flesh, while the leg thrown back
In the quiver of sensibility, bird-borne,
Draws like the flying arms, the breast and center
    toward heaven.
O dancer's realm where the difficult transposition of thought
Grows the easy act of the oiled, fluid joint,
The limb, obeying even the crook of the dream.

JEAN GARRIGUE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Language in Action

A GUIDE TO ACCURATE THINKING

by S. I. Hayakawa

This book might have been called — HOW TO TELL THE TRUTH — when you hear it, speak it, read it. Or HOW TO TELL A LIE — when you hear it, speak it, read it. "As penetrative a writer as I have read in months . . . He has patiently written his book to show that we are all prisoners of language and to help us break out of our verbal jail."—*Samuel Grafton, N. Y. Post.* *345 pages,* $2.00

A DECEMBER BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION

Leo C. Rosten's HOLLYWOOD

THE MOVIE COLONY, THE MOVIE MAKERS

Here at last Hollywood is studied, not gossiped about. Based on four years' exhaustive research, the book is packed with hard-headed facts and information, much of it new and much of it a revelation and contradiction of established theories about Hollywood. Leo C. Rosten combines the talents and training of an expert social scientist, a professional screen writer, and an author of fiction, humor, and satire. $4.00

Hans Habe's A THOUSAND SHALL FALL

"A soldier's story of the battle in France against Germany, written with passion, beauty, and courage . . A book which cannot easily be forgotten."—*Saturday Review. 5th printing,* $3.00

Virginia Woolf's last novel BETWEEN THE ACTS

"A great book for our time, a book that had an exciting and explosive effect on me."
—*Christopher Morley.* $2.50

Ida Treat's THE ANCHORED HEART

A Brittany island during the second World War. "Can be very warmly recommended to all who love France and believe in her resurrection."—*Atlantic Monthly.* $2.50

Edward Newhouse's ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN

Stories by one of the most brilliant of the young writers. "A book of genuine significance as a picture of youth in these times. It is also a work of art."—*Atlantic Monthly.* $2.50

W. L. White's JOURNEY FOR MARGARET

"Perhaps the most moving and the most satisfactory book, everything considered, which a newspaperman has yet written about the war."
—*Editorial in the Boston Herald.* $2.50

Norris Houghton's ADVANCE FROM BROADWAY

"Much more than a critical estimate of theatre activity throughout the country; it is a clear-eyed evaluation of one whole aspect of national culture."—*San Francisco Chronicle.* $3.00

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY : 383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Radioman

I am, he said,
Calmly juggling condensers, coils
And shiny copper wire.
Vacuum tubes he put to flight
Turning twisting in the air,
Inductors and capacitors
He slid them into place.
I am intimately acquainted,
he said,
With the movement of electrons.
I am with them like this.
He closed by making lovers of his fingers.

Sharp Is the Word for Eddie

Sharp is the word for Eddie;
Keen as a knife in the back,
Sharp as the point of the ice pick,
With which he won his way
To overlordship in our neighborhood.
Dirty he was,
As the half-grown chippies
He peddled on the side.
But he was a live one
And walked the streets with pride;
And many envied him
For the man he thought he was.
He was a handy man
(as I have said)
With a six-bit ice pick.
And he had a way
With a bag of cement
And a tub and a pair of feet,
And a river close at hand.
He was a proud man,
And an artist with a piece of rubber hose;
With large wooden matches and splinters and fingernails.
He paid his work the care
All art deserves.
And—of course—
One day his mother lit candles for him.
She lit candles and prayed.
For his sharpness and his quick eyes.
For his hard-won artistry.
She prayed for the ice-pick holes in his body;
For the chippies who would need a new protector;
For his pride and his honor, for the splinters and burns in him;
For the welts on his soggy body and the rubber hose that made them.
And above all she wept,
For his white skinny legs
Up to the knees in cement;
And the whole of him damp
With smelly river water.
Who will cry for Eddie,
Who will mourn for him,
Besides his old lady;
Eddie, who is so definitely,
So absolutely, dead.

JOE ROTHENBURG

Criticism and Commodity

IN THE SPECIAL FIELD of literary analysis the critics of the last twenty years have gone far beyond their Victorian ancestors, even when they have gone brilliantly astray. A heresy exhaustively pursued gets us much farther, after all, than Newman rephrasing Aristotle. I disagree, for instance, with very nearly every position taken by F. O. Matthiessen ("The Achievement of T. S. Eliot"; "American Renaissance"), yet I have benefited by the quality of the wrongness, its enormous maieutic value. I continue to recommend "Understanding Poetry" by Brooks and Warren as the most exciting textbook I know, though I am convinced that its insistence on imagery is too rigid, and its explanation of metrical structure inaccurate. The important thing is that these critics and their peers have rescued us from sentimental evasions, and have brought an entirely new expertness to the study of literary works. They have returned us to the minute analysis of what a writer says.

By "these critics and their peers" I mean such men as I. A. Richards, T. S. Eliot, Yvor Winters, Edmund Wilson, John Crowe Ransom, R. P. Blackmur, Cleanth Brooks and many more. They will not submit to serious grouping, of course, but for the moment I group them as critics who are "intellectual" at least in manner, who take literature seriously, expertly and as an art, and who resist the blandishments of book-business pressure. It is these critics that Howard Mumford Jones, judging by two recent articles in The Saturday Review of Literature,[1] seems determined to silence or demolish.

It would seem from the two articles that Mr. Jones has three *bêtes noires:* difficult poetry, T. S. Eliot and The Kenyon Review. One feels that these are not straw men, but rather *"des morts qu'il faut qu'on tue."* The dislike of poetry more difficult than that of Carl Sandburg and E. A. Robinson is latent in the two essays, and is expressed in terms that recall Max Eastman. Mr. Jones fears that "literature is likely to degenerate into an elaborate private game played with infinite relish by a selected few" if the academic critics have their way. "[They] insist upon talking about poetry, and the reading public is not only not much interested in poetry but is less and less inclined to patronize the kind of poetry which seems to concern the academic critics." Mr. Jones admits that he himself judges poetry by the standards of Keats and A. E. Housman. His own preferences are clearly for fiction and non-fictional prose, and one of his chief complaints is that the academic

[1] "The Limits of Contemporary Criticism," a review of Edmund Wilson's "The Wound and the Bow"; "The Uninfluentials," a review of "The Intent of the Critic," by Edmund Wilson, Norman Foerster, John Crowe Ransom, W. H. Auden and Donald Stauffer. September 4 and October 11.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BORZOI BOOKS

H. L. MENCKEN'S

NEWSPAPER DAYS

"Here is Henry Mencken at his delightful best. . . . I have laughed out loud over this story of his seven years as a reporter . . . as I have not over any other book for years."—OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

$3.00

ELMER ELLIS'

MR. DOOLEY'S AMERICA

The life of Finley Peter Dunne, spectacular creator of Mr. Dooley. "The best journalistic story of the lot."

—FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

Illustrated. $3.00

BERNARD SMITH'S

THE DEMOCRATIC SPIRIT

A collection of American writings from earliest times to the present day. 1040 pages. $5.00

ERNEST NEWMAN'S

THE LIFE OF RICHARD WAGNER

One of the great biographies in the English language.

Vol. I—1813-1848
Vol. II—1848-1860
Vol. III—1859-1866
Each, Illustrated, $5.00

The Most Important Book For Americans Today

BERLIN DIARY

The Journal of a Foreign Correspondent
1934-1941

By WILLIAM L. SHIRER

Every day Shirer's great book becomes more and more timely, for it is the only work of a correspondent to reveal the complete story of Hitler's Germany preparing for war *and waging it*. Over half a million copies in print. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection. $3.00

MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV'S

THE SILENT DON

The great novel of modern Russia. In two parts: I. And Quiet Flows The Don ($3.00). II. The Don Flows Home To The Sea ($3.50.) Together, boxed, $6.00 the set.

GOETHE'S

FAUST: PARTS I AND II

A New Translation

By GEORGE MADISON PRIEST

Unquestionably the finest translation of Goethe's masterpiece ever done into English. With introduction and notes by Professor Priest. Designed by W. A. DWIGGINS. $5.00

"A Literary Event of the First Magnitude."
—N. Y. Times

SHELLEY

By

NEWMAN IVEY WHITE

"Nothing on Keats, Coleridge, Byron, Emerson, Whitman, Hawthorne or Thoreau can compare with it in skill and substance. Here is Shelley more credible and more fascinating than ever before. . . . The layout and format are superb."—RALPH THOMPSON, *in N. Y. Times.*

1560 pages with 83 illustrations in gravure and a frontispiece in color.

2 volumes, boxed, $12.50 the set

ALFRED·A·KNOPF·501 Madison Avenue·New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

critics ignore the novel, and "write and talk . . . as if the public had never heard of Jan Valtin, John Gunther or Lewis Mumford." All this is familiar enough. One must admit that criticism of the novel has lagged behind criticism of poetry. But Jan Valtin!

Mr. Jones insists that literary criticism should remain autonomous (should not be confused with sociology and politics), yet he dismisses T. S. Eliot's literary criticism because he does not like Eliot's religious and political essays: ". . . the ideas of a royalist, conservative, and a Catholic cannot truly help us who are trying to protect and defend democratic culture." How, we must ask, can an essay on Marvell or Dryden or Baudelaire help us to defend our culture, and still remain autonomous literary criticism?

What The Kenyon Review represents is of course the central target: it suggests the whole of academic criticism "to whose opinions the publishers pay no attention," and the kind of organ in which the critics may "take in each other's washing and listen to each other's disputations with admirable gravity." Far from accusing the academic critics (most of them practising poets) of contemporaneity, Mr. Jones deplores their concern with Shakespeare and Milton and Donne. They ignore "the month's production of printed books . . . something with which 'Paradise Lost' has so little practical concern as to be useless." Mr. Jones's strictures are against two kinds of critics: those, especially Marxist, who study literature as sociology, and those (The Kenyon Review) who are concerned with close interpretation and technical analysis, with "the mechanisms of literature rather than literature itself." What he deplores is both the failure of the critics to deal with the monthly flood of print, and the absence of philosophical critics (such as Coleridge: one can leave Coleridge enriched by philosophy.

Mr. Jones affirms that "the business of literature is to befriend those who would live in the spirit." He also feels that the "genteel tradition" in America has been much abused, and admires Stedman, Woodberry and Brander Matthews because they regarded literature as "an end in itself, not a means toward something else." He likes "gusto" and optimism, and therefore quarrels with Mr. Foerster's assertion that very nearly everything is wrong with our age. He likes criticism with philosophical ideas, and therefore Coleridge: one can leave Coleridge enriched by philosophy.

The aspiring critic would find it no easy task to satisfy Mr. Jones, who, in trying to liberate criticism, manages to close as many doors as the late Mr. Spingarn. Literature must not be "a means toward something else"; criticism must escape from psychology, sociology and ethics. It must refuse sacrifices to the Humanist Good and the Good of political reform. Yet it must also solve "the philosophical problem" (show us why literature is an ethical good) and it must protect and defend democratic culture!

The pale ghost of Coleridge makes confusion worse confounded. Criticism must not only be simultaneously autonomous, philosophical and in the manner of Coleridge; it must also avoid high-brow theorizing. The great public which buys books (here as elsewhere the final judge) pays "no attention at all" to these "excellent lectures, these lucid theories, these intellectualist magazines."

Two particular and common confusions underlie the general confusion of Mr. Jones's articles: a failure to recognize the function of literary "mechanism," and a failure to distinguish clearly between literature and "book-business commodity." A historian might well observe that the first seems eternal, very nearly an "innate" confusion. But the second, though by no means new, has prospered chiefly in our own day, and has resulted in that separation of literary criticism and book-reviewing which Mr. Jones seems unwilling to allow.

The difference between a novel by Elizabeth Bowen and a novel by Kathleen Norris or Temple Bailey is at once clear to anyone: it is evident that Elizabeth Bowen is an artist and Kathleen Norris an astute business woman, that they have little more in common than the printed page. Occasionally one sees references to Mrs. Norris' "skillful characterization" or "heart-warming knowledge of human character," but on the whole such preposterous folly is avoided by publisher and reviewer alike.

But when we put Miss Bowen up against Margaret Mitchell or Alice Sligh Turnbull the confusion at once appears. Any intelligent writer would see immediately that the distinction remains: that Miss Bowen is an artist concerned with serious literature and that Miss Mitchell is a successful business woman. Yet publishers advertise Miss Mitchell and the other popular women novelists as though they were serious artists, and most book reviewers (*such is the force of their inherited vocabulary, the vocabulary of criticism*) write about them in precisely the same terms. Miss Mitchell is reviewed as though she had something in common with Miss Bowen; A. J. Cronin is reviewed as though he had something in common with Thomas Mann; Burton Rascoe is reviewed as though he had something in common with T. S. Eliot; Miss Millay is reviewed as though she had something in common with W. H. Auden.

Am I unfair to Miss Millay? Well, here is precisely the point of debate at which criticism as opposed to description of commodity should begin to operate. As Edmund Wilson remarks, with reference to John Steinbeck, "You sometimes encounter books that seem to mark precisely the borderline between work that is definitely superior and work that is definitely bad." Here more than anywhere else the critic is of vital importance: must stand ready to note the close social documentation and the sometimes minute realism, but also the sentimentality, the sham spirituality, the increasing laxity of form.

A striking instance of the confusion between literature and book-business commodity occurs in the October 5 New York Times Book Review. On page 18 we find Edith H. Walton questioning the inclusion of "Billy Budd, Foretopman" in Edward Weeks's anthology of great short novels: "Although it has moments of splendor, although it is animated by Melville's deep interest in psychology and in the conflict of good and evil, its rigid blacks and whites were to me too unreal, its pattern stiff and oversimplified." At the bottom of the same page Katherine Woods, writing of Eleanor Dark's new novel, "The Timeless Land," concludes as follows: "Eleanor Dark has, thus, reached the high level of the historical novel at its best, as she faithfully recreates a pregnant and complex moment of history, and reminds her reader also of lasting truth beneath the surface of human life. Settlers and aborigines live in this book, unforgettably. We shall remember, too, that the land is timeless; but man, creature of dreams and mortality, must

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here are the books—
YOU pick the
people!

For connoisseurs of history's human side

CATHERINE OF ARAGON

By Garrett Mattingly

One of England's forgotten queens takes the place in history she so royally deserves. "Fascinating."—N. Y. *Times*
ILLUSTRATED $3.50

For those who like books with meat in them

THE BRANDEIS GUIDE TO THE MODERN WORLD

Edited by Alfred Lief

Here, in his own words, arranged by subject, is the distillation of the significant thought, beliefs, convictions of Mr. Justice Brandeis $2.75

For liberals who do their own thinking

DARWIN, MARX, WAGNER

By Jacques Barzun

Topples the three supermen of modern thought from their pedestals. "Thoughtful, original . . . vital, challenging."—N. Y. *Times*.
An Atlantic Book • $2.75

New Edition revised by Joseph Wood Krutch

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN DRAMAS

Edited by Montrose J. Moses

Key plays in the rise of the American drama from Belasco through Eugene O'Neill to Clifford Odets. Each play *complete*. $4.50

For those who enjoy depth as well as sparkle

H. M. PULHAM, ESQUIRE

By John P. Marquand

The Pulitzer Prize Winner's latest novel. $2.50

The book that
leaves you richer in spirit!

E. M. Almedingen's

TOMORROW WILL COME

THE ATLANTIC $5,000 PRIZE BOOK

A personal epic of fortitude and hope.
$3.00

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.
BOSTON

This novel
has the true
Christmas spirit!

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM

By Dr. A. J. Cronin

MORE THAN HALF A MILLION COPIES IN PRINT

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection
$2.50

Keystone of Every Library!

BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

Enlarged Eleventh Edition. $5.00

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

change." I submit that the chief outrage here perpetrated is not Miss Woods's style or spirituality, but The Times's tacit assumption that Melville and Miss Dark are being judged by the same standards, the standards of criticism.

This is of course a merely tacit assumption: in point of fact, the two works are not examined by the same standards. Melville is dispraised and Miss Dark lauded because Miss Walton is applying certain rudimentary critical standards, while Miss Woods only *seems* to be applying them. So we may occasionally observe a single reviewer comment favorably or noncommittally on a bad book of sentimental verse, and on the following Sunday attack savagely a serious poet published by New Directions—*using in each case the same set of clichés which pass for a critical vocabulary*. It is as though the reviewer held his critical standards in abeyance while reviewing the bad popular book, and on the following Sunday assuaged his conscience. Not charity but fraud, the application of critical language to literature and to commodity alike, does the greatest harm. Since the reviewers insist on seeming at all times to be writing criticism, they end by leaving the public with the impression that A. J. Cronin is not only a writer in the sense that Elizabeth Bowen is a writer, but that he is also an infinitely superior writer. They pick the tiny flaws in Miss Bowen; they rhapsodize over the "warmth" of Mr. Cronin.

The confusion is not peculiar to our own age, but it has become far more serious in the last twenty years. The circumstance that Miss Bowen probably sells 15,000 copies, whereas an inferior novelist sells 150,000 or 1,500,000 copies, is saddening. But parallel injustices occur in any age. Not injustice, but dishonesty, demoralizes that public which Mr. Jones believes must have its Jan Valtins. Perhaps the root of the difficulty is to be found in the cynicism of publishers. By force of tradition the publisher offers himself as a patron of letters, eager to encourage good literature, though he will privately tell you that he is an astute business man. He may be a man of some literary taste himself, but he is often deeply contemptuous of the public to which he caters. In his cynicism he is certain that the public wants only sentimentality or adventure, or to "absorb culture." Such a publisher is the true Hamiltonian that Mr. Jones accuses the academic critic of being.

I agree with Mr. Jones that criticism should try to elevate the standards of book-reviewing, and I have a great deal more faith than he has in the receptiveness of the public to education. But the "channels of communication" which Mr. Jones accuses the critics of not troubling themselves to control are almost nonexistent. The average newspaper publishing reviews is a channel which, as things stand, drowns the critic. Until the popular reviewing organs make a clear distinction between books as literature and books as commodity, the more austere practice of the "academic critics" may well be the only alternative to suicide.

What channels of communication of any sort remain for the serious literary critic? The publication of books of literary criticism depends very largely on patronage: the patronage of enlightened individuals, such as James Laughlin, or the patronage of endowed university presses. The number of periodicals publishing serious literary criticism has diminished steadily. In his anthology "Literary Opinion in America," Morton Dauwen Zabel offers a list of American magazines containing criticism, and selects twenty-two as being of "special interest." Of these twenty-two, five only have not been discontinued: The American Mercury, The Nation, The New Republic, Poetry and The Southern Review. Today Mr. Zabel would no doubt amend his list to drop The Mercury and add The Kenyon Review. But the moral is certainly pointed.

Must we then agree with Mr. Jones that the academic critic is without influence, and must remain without influence unless he consents to write and talk about Jan Valtin, John Gunther and Lewis Mumford? Not wholly. The New York Herald Tribune Books, for instance, often enlists experts for the reviewing of serious books, though its practice in dealing with fiction and poetry is very uneven. Two titles mentioned at the beginning of this essay suggest a little progress and a possible direction. Many of the ideas mooted by the academic critics in their "intellectualist magazines" are developed and explored in the Brooks-Warren textbook-anthology, "Understanding Poetry"; the entire approach to poetry is expert and at times frankly "difficult." Yet the book has rewarded the astonishing faith of its publishers; it has outsold all rivals in its "field." Again, in his "American Renaissance," Mr. Matthiessen has carried the methods of the academic critics to the doorstep of the scholar and student, applying them in a work of research and interpretation so exhaustive that it cannot be dismissed with professorial flippancy. By using contemporary writers and contemporary critical theories to illumine American writers of the last century, Mr. Matthiessen (like Yvor Winters in his "Maule's Curse") has opened one more channel of communication. To the charge that such books have affected and will affect only academic communities, we can only reply that not all undergraduates become professors of literature. Some even become publishers and book reviewers.

ALBERT GUÉRARD JR.

Lyrics

I

What slogans have you chosen, darling,
when politics, like day, is dead,
to lure my faith upon, imploring
rape within your friendly bed?

Think of Europe, dearest. You,
a continent for traveling hands,
have spilt a lesser blood, enduring
an invasion of your lands.

Brave boys sleep alone, beloved,
strangers to our welcome hours.
Their breastless beds are harboring
a love more desperate than ours.

II

The cricket is still. Of the thrush
there is now no sound.
Our bones bewilder the simplicity of death
where they are found.

No metal can touch you. No spike,
no spear.
What star, exploding, fell upon you?
Sleep, my dear.

ISAAC ROSENFELD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Delilah Poem

Here at my hand here at my heart lie still.
Will then the prince of index finger, your caduceus,
Alight on my lip like dove on a window sill
Delivering in its claw the symbolic oleaster?

Here at my heart here at my hand lie still
Till the dog rose springs off its beds of bush
To run in circles leaping at your heel;
And nature, happy, curls up at your kiss.

Lie still, lie still, here at my heart lie still
Sleeping like thunderheads. Be over me dominant
So I shall sleep as the river sleeps under the hill
Kissing the foot and giving back the element.

Here at my hand lie still: lie still at my heart.
Sesame is on his tongue and the unicorn rages
Round the abdominal amphitheatre. I hear
His double engines drumming up the passages

O till his cumulus, over the angry bed
Arching, is rainbows. Volplane my bomber
Shuttling silver through the night I bride:
He spins his disc of kisses in my slumber.

And O I lie still in heart and hand lie still,
All the streamers of welcome flaunting in my marrow
And flares I lift my arms are, because he will
Come down descending on my bed like a meadow.

Then here at my heart of hearts he lies as still as Asia
Where India is his blood; so in my arms I hold
The murderer who, Samsoning up my five pillars,
Lies quiet now, for here at my heart I fold him.

GEORGE BARKER

Consider the Generals

Consider the generals who die in bed
Nathan Bedford Forrest, the cussinest general in the Confederacy (excepting Jubal Early), had twenty-nine horses shot from between his legs, but died himself religious, of prolonged diarrhea

Anybody can die of prolonged diarrhea

I had a maiden aunt once who shriveled up with cancer, and for seven months I watched her fingertips curl back in pain; she might have been Napoleon, sulking at St. Helena, he died of a belly cancer, Grant had one at the root of his tongue

Look in any epileptic ward and you may find the Duke of Wellington; at eighty-four he threw a fit in Windsor Castle and died so quick the foam on his lips was dry before the ink on Tennyson's "Ode," quick but nothing extra

Mostly the generals die the same as you and me

NEW HARVARD BOOKS

FREE SPEECH IN THE UNITED STATES

By ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR. "Not only an indispensable reference book . . . but a tract for the times, where the practice of unfettered public discussion would appear to be the main hope of democracy's survival."—*Saturday Review.* $4.00

HOLMES-POLLOCK LETTERS

Edited by MARK DEWOLFE HOWE. "A travel book for the mind, this. Even the reading suggestions contained in the letters chart adventure for those inclined to follow."—*American Mercury.* 4th printing. 2 vols., $7.50

THE MYSTERIOUS SCIENCE OF THE LAW

By DANIEL J. BOORSTIN. A study of Blackstone's *Commentaries,* which is in effect an analysis of the intellectual history of the eighteenth century. $3.00

ON THE AGENDA OF DEMOCRACY

By CHARLES E. MERRIAM. Everyone who is interested in the possibility of making democracy a reality of daily life will welcome the concrete proposals set forth by Mr. Merriam. $1.50

SPACE, TIME AND ARCHITECTURE

By SIGFRIED GIEDION. "Obviously a classic in the field . . . yet it reads like a detective story."—KENNETH J. CONANT, in *Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism.* Second printing. $5.00

HEART OF SPAIN

By GEORGIANA GODDARD KING. "Few travellers have penetrated as deeply into the soul of this secluded and mysterious country as did Miss King. It is the book of a scholar who has the soul of an artist."—HANS KOHN, in *Boston Post.* $3.00

PORTS OF PISCATAQUA

By WILLIAM G. SALTONSTALL. To everyone who loves boats and the sea, as well as to everyone interested in the colorful maritime history of New England, this book is treasure trove. $3.50

NIETZSCHE

By CRANE BRINTON. "There is probably no other book on Nietzsche written with the same incisive brevity, and sparkling though slightly irreverent style."—*Annals of the American Academy.* $2.50

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S EXPERIMENTS

Edited by I. BERNARD COHEN. "The introduction is by far the best study ever made of what Franklin knew about electricity. . . ."—*Carl Van Doren,* in *New York Herald Tribune Books.* $4.00

FROM CUBISM TO SURREALISM IN FRENCH LITERATURE

By GEORGES LEMAITRE. A clear, brilliant explanation of the whole modernist movement, showing the relationship of its various phases to the general evolution of the society in which they have developed. *Illustrated.* $3.00

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Cambridge Massachusetts

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alexander (called The Great) can't touch a friend of mine
(called Flinky Price), who checked out after a two-
and-a-half months' drunk on twenty-four gallons corn,
eighteen gin, three cans canned heat, and one bottle
rubbing alcohol; Alexander slid under a banquet table
in Babylon after a measly twenty cups, two punch-
bowls wine, passed him out for keeps

Not so great

You'd think Genghis Khan would do it up fancy, wouldn't
you? Should have, he killed six million Asiatics and
kept five hundred wives (including concubines), but
Genghis he died just plum tuckered out

Which reminds me of the story of Nigger Sam

Take a poll of the generals who die in bed, ask 'em if the
time left over was worth it: How does it feel, General,
to die in bed and miss the glory?

George Washington? (bad cold and four bleedings)
Marshal Foch? (pump gave out)
Simon Bolivar? (t. b.)
Marse Robert? (congestion of the cerebellum)
Oliver Cromwell? (ague)
Field Marshal First Earl Haig of Bemersyde? (pump
gave out)

Call the roll, sound off the authorities on death, ask 'em how
they'd rather die

Anybody can die in bed

PRESTON NEWMAN

Ode for School Convocation

Mechanically, the academic file
Winds to the platform spreading doctoral hoods
And tassels toward the moderate breeze.
The rows and rows of parents on the lawn
Are starched and honorable with ceremony.
Even the students are serious and hushed
While the hymn flourishes from the electric organ.
And then the final doctor finds his chair.
And then the final stop. The President
Welcomes, remembers, hopes, somewhat despairs—
The world being stranger than it was—finally
Declares determination and a firm belief.
Starched and honorable with ceremony
The rows and rows of parents on the lawn
Welcome determination and a firm belief,
Shift more securely in the moderate breeze.
Even the students are serious and deep
With historic intentions in the moderate breeze.

Now are the years again. Suddenly all the years
Of intention. These faces rapt with occasion
Stir unanimously serious. Surely a glance can tell
The President's reticent rationed dodging,
The paraded faculty's slight foolishness,
The parents' bluff at understanding, the boys' real
bewilderment.
Still their faces stir with intention. The wish
Crosses confused under them, but the wish is real.

As Emerson lifts in quotes above the platform
And dies of distortion halfway to the gate.

Where the real wish died, conforming to its shadow
Under the glare of phosphore towers by day
And neon signs by night. A world's trade.
Discussed more tangibly in hotel rooms
By traveling salesmen. Attempted none the less
By the concluding President and the warm applause.

Between the pliant hedges at the public tea,
The faculty meets the parents, bows,
Suggests the frosted cakes, and prefers lemon.

JOHN CIARDI

Time Is Hellbent for On

A hunger for forgotten things
at times invades the heart, and
(heart, heart, stop your murderous beat)
at night on a country road
where the moon has bleached all shadows white
and autumn scent is in the air so thick
that lungs cry out for the weight of it,
then heart has to beat with the beat of the night.

And where are the faces, words, clocks and loves
on which a mind weaves its timorous hold?
And where are the crumbs in the memory strewn
to lead a man out of time again?
Forgotten quite, and in their station
the burst of the harvest's detonation.

What if desperately a man should seize such
quick protection as the earth holds out,
dig his nails in the ground or clutch
the fragile wheat-stalks for support? Still
the tide of throbbing time sweeps on,
distracts the fingers' grip,
uproots the hold, cracks
the stalk, dizzily
hurtles on.

JUDD POLK

Poem

Leave pride to those who have already died.
Even in heaven they need it more than you;
There—where no one is lonely, where by your side
Stands the lover of ever you—there the two
Completely one celebrate the state of the sun,
Famous at last, past peril from hell's cold harm,
And, O time rhymed, beginning, not yet begun,
By angels gloried, circle the center of their charm.
But now only humility is the right disguise,
For the devil, as good-looking as a movie star,
Moves among us, conversing his clever lies
Over music and drinks and pleasure, at war
With what we want most though it cost our art,
The end of every poem, the always loving heart.

DUNSTAN THOMPSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My Landlady

LISTEN TO ME when they tell you there is no hope for mankind. I say that the simplest person may have a virtue of the soul great enough to redeem all of the evil-doers who are quick with life and some of the sour dead who still linger within recall. In fact, all I need to send my heart thumping with hope for the world is just one good solitary example—and that will keep me primed for six months, at least. My own luminary is my landlady, and there is a source of light for you! Surely there is hope while she yet lives. I think this woman has marvelous depths within her middle-aged bosom. In consequence of which I cannot pass her in the hall without a wave of love instantly rushing over me. Why, it is a veritable indecency to pay her rent. And yet her good husband may sleep in peace, for nothing shall come of it. Nothing more than the following, that is, for there already exists an imperishable intimacy between us. At night, sometimes, I steal out into the spring air in the yard, and there resting under a tree, I watch my landlady through her window while she moves about her kitchen busied with her dishes, pots and pans—and it seems to me that everything she touches glows responsively.

It all came about thus. One wintry Saturday of the holiday season I came home late from my work in the hospital. I was tired as usual, but this time I did not throw myself onto my bed to spend the first few moments recuperating in oblivion. Instead, I sat down in my chair at the window, and not troubling even to turn on the light or to remove my hat and coat, I leaned on the window sill and stared out into the snow-covered yard. My window was open, and the cold wind blew in on me, but with a feeling of sadness and disgust I shrugged my shoulders as if to say, "Let it blow—what difference can that make?" I had been working that day as usual, mopping floors, but in the afternoon, shortly before quitting time, when I was already emptying my bucket of dirty water, a small woman clutching a shopping bag came running distractedly down the hall, crying "Oh, oh, oh!" and nearly losing her footing on the wet floor. "Mister! Mister!" she cried, seeing me, "Where is the children's hospital? I've lost my way—oh, what am I going to do?" "Careful, there, or you'll fall. What's the matter with you?" "My purse!" she cried, tears running down her face, "I lost my purse. Where is the children's hospital?" "Around the corner to your left to the end of the hall, then down the stairs to the basement, where you take the passageway." "Come with me, please! Quick, come with me!" and she began running in the direction I had given her. I dropped my mop and ran after her, fearing she was crazy. Catching up with her, and holding her by the arm, I ran by her side, trying to silence the commotion she was making. "Quiet please, collect yourself, this is a hospital." But she broke away from me and ran on ahead calling out, "My purse, my purse, oh my little girl!" We raced through the passageway in the basement, then up the stairs of the children's hospital, the woman laboring for breath. The nurse in attendance on the second floor took her in hand and made her control herself. "Where did you lose your purse?" "I don't know!" exclaimed the woman. "I was in my little girl's room, and I laid it on a bed. Do you think I could have left it there?

A rising star...

EUDORA WELTY

KAY BOYLE says in the *New Republic*: "We are, in A CURTAIN OF GREEN, brought face to face with one of the most gifted and interesting short-story writers of our time. I feel Eudora Welty could 'at her own pace, and in her own time' do whatever she set out to do."

MARIANNE HAUSER says in the N. Y. *Times Book Review*: "Few contemporary books have ever impressed me as deeply as this book of stories. . . . Reading it twice has not given me any critical distance, but has only drawn me closer into its rich and magic world."

A CURTAIN OF GREEN

A Book of Stories

INTRODUCTION BY
KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

$2.50 DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

"William Attaway

. . . in his BLOOD ON THE FORGE, presents with skill the impact of industrial life on the simple black folk who fled the plantations of the South. If there are people who are baffled by the conduct of the Negroes, then they should read this novel and they will be better people for having done so."
—RICHARD WRIGHT author of *Native Son*

"Written with notable objectivity . . . a starkly realistic story, involving social criticism as searching as any to be found in contemporary literature."
—*New York Times Book Review*

Read this tense, magnificent story of three Kentucky farm boys who went North to the booming steel mills, and found a brutal destiny among the slag heaps and roaring Bessemers of Pennsylvania.

BLOOD ON THE FORGE

by William Attaway

$2.00 DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oh, let me go look in her room!" "Visiting hours are over now. I'll have the girl on the floor look. What is the room number, please?" "Two eighteen. I'm sure I left it there. I remember now, I laid it on a bed next to my little girl's, it was an empty bed. Oh, I should control myself, but I had all my money in it." "There is no purse in room 218," said the floor nurse coming up to the desk where we stood. "Let me look!" cried the woman, "I am sure I laid it on the bed." "You heard the nurse say that it wasn't in the room," said the nurse in attendance. "You must have picked it up when you went out? Where else did you go?" "I went into the washroom. Yes, I remember," said the woman, looking ashamed. "I had it with me because I laid it on the washstand with my shopping bag, and then I didn't miss it until I went down to the cashier to make a payment for my little girl. I got so frightened I ran in the wrong direction. Oh, I was so nervous." "Have you looked in the washroom?" asked the nurse. "Thank you, thank you," said the woman, walking to the washroom. She stopped before the door and looked back at us. "No, it isn't there!" she cried. "You will have to be quiet," said the nurse. "You are in a hospital. Have you looked in your shopping bag?"

"Yes, I've looked," said the woman, frantically emptying it again. "It was stolen!" she cried. "My husband's pay check for the week was in it. I have to pay for my little girl. What am I going to do?" "You had better go down to the desk and make a report," said the nurse. I walked back to the desk with her. "It was stolen," said the woman. "Can you imagine, who would do a thing like that? In a hospital, too. You would think they would know a person in a hospital needs their money." "Was there anyone in the washroom with you?" I asked. "There were some other women there. One of them must have taken it. And right under my own eyes in the hospital. Who would do a thing like that?" "This woman had her purse stolen," I said to the clerk at the desk in the lobby, going through the details for him. "Maybe one of the janitors picked it up, in which case it will be turned in," said the clerk, looking at me a little peevishly for standing in the lobby in my dirty work-clothes. "No," I replied, "this only happened about fifteen minutes ago. The janitors go through early on Saturday." "In any case," said the clerk, turning to the woman, "we will take your name and address. It may be turned in." "My name is Mrs. Anderson," said the woman, quietly now, but without hope. "I know it was stolen and I won't ever see it again." "Wait here a minute," I said to her, "I'll be right back."

I ran to empty my bucket, and hurriedly dressed in the locker room, punched the time-clock and came back to the lobby. "We have given Mrs. Anderson carfare," said the clerk. "Perhaps the purse will be returned." "I have an extra dollar," I said, turning to her, "which I would be glad to give you." "No, I couldn't take it," she said in a low voice, quickly looking about her, and turning to go out of the hospital. Outdoors I urged her again and she finally accepted it with great embarrassment. "Will you do me another favor?" she asked. "Will you go with me as far as the street car?" The lights from the Christmas tree in front of the hospital entrance colored her face with an incongruously happy red and orange flush. "No Christian person would do a thing like that," she said while we walked to the street car. "They must have a pretty black heart. My poor little girl just had her appendix out. I don't know what we are going to do." "I live your way," I said to her, "if you don't mind, I will ride with you." The street car was crowded and we had to sit on opposite sides. On the way to her home she called out "Thank you" to me several times across the aisle.

Mrs. Anderson lived in the poor district near the stockyards. "You've been so nice to me," she said, "I would ask you up, but I left the house in a terrible mess. And it's so late now I think my husband is home." Still she did not say goodbye to me but remained hesitating at my side. "Perhaps I should come up anyway," I suggested, "it might be easier if I were along." "If you wouldn't mind," she said eagerly. She led me through a passageway and up the rear stairs. She climbed ahead of me, and on the way up turned once and smiled down at me with a sudden youthful smile. She pressed my hand before ringing her bell and said, "Well, here goes."

Her husband opened the door and we stepped into the kitchen. Around the stove in the center of the room sat three little children. Mrs. Anderson rushed at them as she entered, crying, "I've told you a hundred times not to play on the floor," and without stopping to remove her hat and coat shooed the children into the bathroom. Her husband looked at me mistrustfully. "My name is Joe," I said. "Joe Feigenbaum." He looked at me with suspicion for a few moments and then hurriedly extended me his hand as if to destroy the impression that he had forgotten to do so at the proper time. He had been drinking coffee and he now returned to the table and invited me to sit down. "No thank you," I said, "I shall be leaving in a moment." I remained standing. I felt it would be better if I told him before his wife came back into the room, but I was uncertain how to begin. He was a lean, sharp-featured man with sunken eyes and, I feared, a quick temper. I was worried about the outcome, but I remained standing uneasily under his scrutiny and looked about the kitchen. A pile of unwashed dishes lay in the sink, and leaning in a corner stood a thin ragged Christmas tree, unmounted. Mrs. Anderson reëntered the room. She had changed her dress for a clean apron and was smoothing her hair and putting in the last few pins as she entered. "How is Jennie?" asked her husband. "Jennie is doing fine," said Mrs. Anderson, speaking with a hairpin in her mouth. "Did you pay the hospital bill?" She cast a quick look at me before answering him. "You lost the money!" he cried, springing up from the table. "The purse was stolen from me, George," she was attempting to speak calmly. George made a quick gesture with his arm as if to strike her. "Oh, please, George!" she cried, catching his arm. "This man was with me, he works in the hospital. He was so nice, George, he let us have a dollar." "A dollar!" cried George. "What are we going to live on for the rest of the week? How are we going to pay that bill?"

"I am getting paid on Monday," I said, stepping forward. "I will be very glad to help you." "That's so nice of you," he said, "and I suppose you'll pay the *whole* bill too? Oh, that woman—she can't hold on to money to save her life. Now how are we going to pay the bill? How are we going to live this week? Answer me that!" He moved forward, threatening her. She looked at me pleadingly, mo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tioning to the door. The powder she had applied before reentering the room showed white on her face. "Go on, get out of here!" cried her husband at me. "Don't stand there lying to me that it was stolen. Get out!" Mrs. Anderson nodded her head insistently at me. "I hope everything will be all right," I said. "I will be glad to help you." I went out closing the door behind me cautiously. I had gone down a few steps when I heard the sound of a blow coming from the kitchen followed by a woman's scream. My hand froze to the railing with horror for that scream. I heard another blow and another, louder, scream. Rushing back up the stairs, I heard a sound of falling dishes followed by a slamming door, and then a quiet sobbing.

I sat now at my window letting the cold wind blow in on me and hearing in my mind the woman's screams and her long-drawn-out, peaceful sobbing. I felt a tenderness for her distracted fear, for the innocence with which she had reacted to evil, and for the sudden flirtatious warmth she had shown me when I accompanied her into her home. Nevertheless, I knew I could not reach her in her suffering. And sitting in my dark room I felt removed from mankind, and with a sudden philosophical emotion I saw all humanity before me suffering from evil, while I alone looked on and could see the cause. Why, since it was the holiday season, should not purses be filled instead of stolen? Why shouldn't somebody have slipped some money into the purse as it lay on the washstand, even a penny? I saw the result of this act, Mrs. Anderson helplessly caught up and frantic, and I saw the necessity which led to her husband's blows, he, too, helpless. I wanted to call out against this necessity, to cry, "Stop! You do not understand!" But it was merely given to me to be a witness, to look on and be alone in my understanding, and this only increased my loneliness.

But as I sat at the window I heard faint strains of music floating in toward me, and I recognized a Russian song sung by a chorus and accompanied by an accordion. I listened to the sweet, sinuous melody, and all of a sudden I saw a summery plain on the outskirts of a village, and there, in peasant costumes, a group of young boys and girls were dancing in the sun, dipping and winding, snapping their fingers, gesturing with their arms and calling out.

I rose from the window and throwing off my hat and coat, ran out into the hall. The sounds were proceeding from the floor below me and, following the music, I came to my landlady's door and stood for a moment listening. Without knocking I entered, motioning to her to remain seated. She was sitting in the corner by her victrola, her hands folded in her lap, smiling faintly and nodding her head in time with the music. I threw myself into a chair and listened, following the young dancers over the plain.

The record came to an end, and my landlady, smiling with embarrassment, said, "I am all alone in the house on a Saturday night, so I was playing a record. My boy went out and my husband hasn't come back yet. Sometimes when I'm alone I like to play a folksong. Is there anything you want, Mr. Feigenbaum?"

"No, no!" I said. "I want to hear it. Play it again!"

She released the catch and set the needle to the record. There came the rollicking introduction of the accordion, and then the chorus, softly at first, and then swelling out, the music increasing in tempo. My heart melting, I sat up

Reynal & Hitchcock Headliners

IRWIN EDMAN
Fountainheads of Freedom

With the Collaboration of Herbert W. Schneider

Here are two great books in one unique volume—*Irwin Edman on Freedom*, in which the author of *Philosopher's Holiday* traces the growth of the democratic idea through the ages; and the *Literature of Freedom*, in which the majestic thoughts and teachings of the great minds from the Greeks through the moderns are presented in a stirring selection. "Mr. Edman brings all the felicities of his style and a much more profound and thorough knowledge than many who have spoken about freedom recently."—*N. Y. Times.*

600 pages. *Second Printing.* $3.75

H. R. KNICKERBOCKER
Is Tomorrow Hitler's?

Zooming to best-sellerdom because it answers *all* the questions Americans are asking about the battle of mankind. RAYMOND GRAM SWING says: "Brimfull of informed, intimate knowledge of the war and its personalities." WILLIAM L. SHIRER says: "It has kept me up most of the night. Knickerbocker answers these questions brilliantly—honestly, frankly, intelligently." JOHN T. WHITAKER says: "It is the most authoritative and readable book about Europe in years." *Foreword by John Gunther.*

Fourth Printing. $2.50

WALTER DURANTY
The Kremlin and the People

"What about Russia?" Only one man can answer: Walter Duranty. As the *New York News* says: "Walter Duranty probably understands Russia better than any non-Russian. This is his summary of Russia during the last ten years. . . . Includes a thrilling account of the famous trials that reads like a detective story; an explanation of the German-Russian alliance; an analysis of the effects of the purge on the Russian people; and evaluation of the Russian fighting forces."

Second Printing. $2.00

FORREST DAVIS
The Atlantic System

The first complete history and analysis of Anglo-American control of the seas, containing much new and hitherto unpublished diplomatic material. "Goes to the very heart of military grand strategy."—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.* "Written with great ability, in a dynamic and easily readable way."—*Boston Post.*

$3.00

South American Primer

By Katherine Carr Rodell, Revised, Enlarged Edition of the best book in the field. *Fifth Printing.* $1.75

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK • NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in my chair, waving my arms and softly snapping my fingers. My head was thrown to one side and I smiled, feeling an ecstasy rising within me. I could see my landlady watching me with a kind bewilderment, and then smiling back at me, she began waving her arms, and throwing her head back in answer. Suddenly she bent down in her chair, removed her shoes and stepped out on the floor holding her arms spread above her. Delicately kicking to either side with her stockinged feet, she went into the dance. She spun around the room, waving her hands at the wrist, her feet making a soft thud on the rug. "Oh you are good!" I cried out and I could see in this stocky middle-aged woman the soul of the dancers on the plain. Her body whirled around, heavy, unused to the dance, but for me it had grace; her large, round bosom was thrust forward, but in it I could see the heart twinkling; her round arms were moving through the air but I could see in them that same embracing softness, and they were acting out the human goodness of the dancers of the plain.

The music was still playing, but suddenly my landlady stopped in her dance and her hands remained elevated at her sides. I looked to the door and there stood her husband, swaying unconsciously and clumsily to the music, and a look of astonishment on his face. The record ended; and the needle whirred and scratched. My landlady walked over to the victrola in her stockinged feet, stopping the record, and it came to a halt with a slow, shrieking skid. Then she bent down and began putting on her shoes. I looked into her husband's face, in which a silly, glass-eyed and still widening astonishment remained, and I looked at his thin, spent figure; then I looked at my landlady, her dark face flushed and her eyes flashing, and at the breathing coming heavy in her now vigorous body. I sensed the embarrassment between them, but I was ready to leap for joy for the vision of goodness I had had. I alone could have explained to them what this awkward scene really meant, but instead I asked her, "What is the name of that piece?"

"Dyerevna. By the Village."

"It is very nice," I said. "And thank you for dancing it for me. You danced it very well." Oh, but the words I could have spoken then!

Turning I went out of the room, and as I passed her husband I realized what a profound and sympathetic attachment had grown up between my landlady and me.

Oh landlord, I could pull you up by the ears, kiss you on the head, tweak your nose, tickle your ribs—what a wife you have!

ISAAC ROSENFELD

The Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Plan

inaugurated in 1935, has been widely acclaimed as the most original publishing idea in many years. Unestablished writers have been offered concrete assistance at the point in their careers when they need it most. Here is a beginning, at least, toward bridging the gap between literary aspiration and cash returns.

THOUGH picked for literary quality, rather than for obvious salability, the Fellowship books have been so well received during their first five years that the publishers are now able to increase both the initial payment and the royalty terms. Two Fellowships — one for fiction and one for non-fiction — are offered, of $1500.00 each. For particulars, write to Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

Contributors

MILTON HINDUS is twenty-five years old, a native New Yorker, and holds B.A. and M.S. degrees from CCNY. Poetry, criticism and book reviews of his have appeared in Poetry, The Kenyon Review, The Nation, The Saturday Review of Literature, The New York Herald Tribune Books and The New Republic. He hopes to publish a volume of critical essays next year.

THOMAS RIGGS JR. is twenty-five years old, was born in Washington, D. C., and spent the first few years of his life in Alaska, of which his father was governor. He received his B.A. and M.A. from Princeton University. He is now living in Washington, D. C., after spending two years as instructor in English and Social Studies at the Phillips Exeter Academy.

PETER TAYLOR is twenty-four years old and is a resident of Memphis, Tennessee. After graduation from Kenyon College in 1940, he did graduate work at Louisiana State University. He is now a Private First Class at the Reception Center, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia.

STEPHEN STEPANCHEV is twenty-six years old, was born in Mokrin, Yugoslavia, and has lived in Chicago since 1922. In 1935 he won a scholarship to the University of Chicago, where he was graduated Phi Beta Kappa. In 1937 his first poems were published in Poetry and won the Midland Authors' Prize. He was an instructor in English at Purdue University until his induction into the army this August.

EVE MERRIAM is twenty-five years old, was born in Philadelphia and at present is living in New York. She received her A.B. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1937 and did graduate work at the University of Wisconsin and Columbia University. Her poems have appeared in Poetry, The New Yorker, The New Republic and other magazines.

KENNETH A. SCHOLES is twenty-eight years old and was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa, the son of a labor leader. In 1939 he received his B.A. from the University of Iowa with highest distinction and is now teaching English there and working toward a Ph.D. His poem in this issue marks his first publication.

HARRY BROWN is twenty-four years old and at present is a corporal in the Corps of Engineers at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. He attended Harvard University and, after graduation, worked for Time and The New Yorker. Two volumes of his poetry have been printed, "The End of a Decade," published by New Directions, and "The Poem of Bunker Hill," just published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROBERT GIBBONS is twenty-six years old, was born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, is married and has a son. He got his B.S. degree from Alabama Polytechnic Institute in 1939 and is now teaching freshman English at the University of Alabama. At present he is a member of Professor Hudson Strode's class in creative writing and is working on a novel.

WILLIAM MEREDITH is twenty-two years old, was born in New York City and has lived there and in Darien, Connecticut. After graduating *magna cum laude* from Princeton University in 1940, he worked on The New York Times and assisted Allen Tate with a Princeton anthology. At present he is in the Army Air Corps at Maxwell Field, Alabama.

RANDALL JARRELL is twenty-seven years old, was born in Nashville, Tennessee, but spent most of his childhood in California. He is an instructor in English at the University of Texas and has contributed to Partisan Review, The American Review, The Southern Review, The Kenyon Review and The New Republic. He is one of the contributors to "Five Young American Poets," published by New Directions.

GEORGE BARKER is twenty-eight years old, was born in England and educated in London. He has published two books of prose and three of verse in England; his "Selected Poems," published this fall by Macmillan, was his first book in this country. He came to the United States via a short professorship in a Japanese university. He is married and is living in Nyack, New York.

JEAN GARRIGUE is twenty-five years old, was born in Indiana and is living in New York City. After gradution from the University of Chicago in 1937, she spent some time in France and England. She has contributed poems to Partisan Review, The Kenyon Review and Accent.

JOE ROTHENBURG is twenty-three years old, was born in Atlanta, Georgia, and raised and educated on the lower east side of Manhattan. After two years at CCNY, he served two years in the Army Air Corps in Hawaii as an aircraft radioman and machine-gunner. At present he is a radio mechanic in the civil service in Hawaii.

ALBERT GUÉRARD JR. is twenty-six years old, was born in Houston, Texas, and was graduated from Stanford University in 1934. He holds M.A. and Ph.D. degrees and is now an instructor in English at Harvard. His first novel, "The Past Must Alter," was published in 1938.

ISAAC ROSENFELD is a twenty-three year-old Chicagoan who has a fellowship in philosophy at New York University. He attended the University of Chicago, where he won a poetry prize, an M.A. and a wife. At present he is writing a novel.

PRESTON NEWMAN is twenty-eight years old. After graduating from the Virginia Polytechnic Institute as a biologist, he held two newspaper jobs. For two years he has been an instructor in English at Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

JOHN CIARDI is twenty-five years old and a native of Medford, Massachusetts. He is a member of the English Department at the University of Kansas City.

JUDD POLK is twenty-nine years old, was born in Toledo, Ohio, and now lives in New York. His poems have been published in The New Masses, The New Yorker and The New Republic.

DUNSTAN THOMPSON is twenty-three years old and has lived here and abroad. After three years at Harvard University he and Harry Brown founded the magazine Vice Versa. His verse has been published in Poetry, Decision and The New Republic.

A TREASURY OF GREAT AND EXCITING READING

The only anthology of great poetic dramas of the ages from Aeschylus to MacLeish. "Done with a poet's ear, a critic's tact, and a lover's passion. . . . Mr. Kreymborg's introduction gives the entire theme a contemporary focus."—Lewis Mumford. "All drama that endures is conceived in the hearts of poets, and it is my belief that Mr. Kreymborg's book will long remain a monument testifying to this truth."—Barrett H. Clark, Executive Director, Dramatist's Play Service.

864 pages, beautifully designed and bound. $5.00
Edited by ALFRED KREYMBORG

POETIC DRAMA

An Anthology from Ancient Greek to Modern American

FASCINATING MEMOIRS OF A MASTER JOURNALIST

"Excellent reading . . . he looks upon the world with unflagging zest and humor."—Book-of-the-Month Club News. "Kisch always had the capacity and curiosity to beard any lion, be it an emperor or Siamese twins. He was certainly the giant of European journalism and his Dantesque curiosity led him to explore the geography of European manners and morals. . . . More exciting than a detective story, and much more difficult to put down."—Martha Dodd. $2.75. By EGON ERWIN KISCH

SENSATION FAIR

"Excellently well-written . . . universal and true . . . agonizingly real."—Dorothy Canfield. Into a strange and compelling love story, Bessie has woven a portrait of a strong, kind, gentle man whom society drives to a brutal, cruel murder. This novel searches the conscience of society and throws new light on an eternal problem.

$2.50. By ALVAH BESSIE

BREAD and a STONE

Cedric Belfrage, brilliant author of AWAY FROM IT ALL, tells how he discovered the exciting meaning of Declaration of Independence and escaped from the confining life of a member of Britain's ruling caste.

$2.50. By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

THEY ALL HOLD SWORDS

"The statement of the facts in this book is absolutely essential in the public interest."—Harry S. Truman, United States Senator from Missouri. "A call to America to purchase victory by sweat and imagination."—Max Lerner. $2.00 By I. F. STONE

BUSINESS AS USUAL

"Full of picturesque details and colorful episodes, a sort of political Baedeker of Southeastern Europe, always fresh and stimulating."—Saturday Review of Literature.

$2.00. By FREDERIC W. L. KOVACS

The UNTAMED BALKANS

"May we suggest to those who have missed every bus so far that they begin their education with MEN OF EUROPE, by André Simone."—Sterling North, Chicago Daily News. $2.50. By ANDRÉ SIMONE

MEN OF EUROPE

MODERN AGE BOOKS, 245 5th AVE., N. Y. C.

Printed by STEINBERG PRESS, INC., Morgan & Johnson Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y. 173

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW BEST-SELLER BY THE PULITZER PRIZE WINNER

"It stirs me intellectually more than any book I have ever read"

VAN WYCK BROOKS

THIS NEWEST WORK by the author of "The Flowering of New England" is not only a significant milestone in the history of American literature—there is material in it sufficient to kindle a cultural revolution. "The wisest book that has been written on this side of the ocean for many a year."—*Hendrik Willem Van Loon.*

"Should set a good portion of literary America by the ears, and delight anyone who is stimulated by the ferment of ideas beautifully expressed."—*Newsweek Magazine.* "A rallying-ground for all critics who are concerned for the future of American literature—and of American Life." *N. Y. Times.* 7 printings. $3.00

OPINIONS
OF OLIVER ALLSTON
By Van Wyck Brooks

Author of THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND

All her famous drawings

Lighten cares with this book full of Helen Hokinson's beloved and bewildered ladies. Perfect to help you relax after a tough day. The *N. Y. Herald Tribune* says: "Nothing like it on paper since Don Marquis found Hermione too much for him." 5 printings! $2.50

"I WANT TO REPORT A MISSING MAN"

MY BEST GIRLS
By Helen E. Hokinson

No. 1 Juvenile Best-Seller
FROM COAST TO COAST!

It should be the first book on any child's Christmas list. The *New York Times* says: "It is hard to say whether it will be more of a joy to adults or children." 26 big printings in less than 4 months! Only $1.00

PETER CHURCHMOUSE
Written and Illustrated by MARGOT AUSTIN

MY LAST MILLION READERS
By Emile Gauvreau

For everyone who takes a keen interest in current events. This book is packed with inside stories the newspapers couldn't print. Dorothy Parker says: "Not just fascinating, but an important picture of a period in American history." 7 printings in 5 weeks! $3.00

THE POCKET MILNE

A delectable distillation by that master of engaging nonsense.—A. A. Milne. A cheerful gift for those taking life too seriously. $2.00

LATIN AMERICA
By William Lytle Schurz

"Among all the books on Latin America this book easily takes first place."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $3.75

LINES OF LEAST RESISTANCE
By Laurence McKinney

Anyone will be delighted to get this new, uproarious Best Seller by the author of "People of Note." 4 printings. *Illustrated.* $1.00

DOGS ARE LIKE THAT
By John Vassos

An exciting, humorous and altogether delightful true story about a man and his wife and their dogs. An exceptional gift. Illustrated. 2 printings. $2.50

BERLIN EMBASSY
By William Russell

The story all the foreign correspondents missed! "A very fine book."—*William Shirer.* 3 printings. $2.50

"Miracles are continually happening to me."

says HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN
Chicago Daily News Columnist

"The other day, for example, I was cleaning my desk of its accumulated papers. Among them were many books. One of them was 'The Crisis of Our Age,' by P. A. Sorokin.

Miracle . . .

"More than once I was tempted to discard it. I had read countless discussions of the crisis in which we live. I was pretty well fed up on crises and talk about them. Still I did not throw away 'The Crisis of Our Age,' by P. A. Sorokin.

"I glanced at the jacket of the book long enough to learn who Sorokin was—a Russian by birth, Kerensky's secretary, member of the Constitutional Assembly, a psychoneurologist and sociologist of eminence, now an American citizen, member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, chairman of the division of sociology at Harvard College.

"Obviously, a man worth listening to. So, one day, I dipped into his book. I did not stay long. I stayed only long enough to read the heading of Chapter VII. It was: 'Tragic Dualism, Chaotic Synchretism, Quantitative Colossalism, and Diminishing Creativeness of the Contemporary Sensate Culture.'

"How was anybody going to read a book like that? I slapped it shut and was about to toss it in the wastebasket.

Crisis . . .

"Then the miracle happened. I stayed my hand. I took the book home. I went to work on it. I found that it wasn't quite as tough reading as that chapter-head suggested. I began to understand what a 'Sensate Culture' was.

"I wish to report, now, that I think I have made the acquaintance of a truly Great Mind. I wish to make it known that P. A. Sorokin comes closer to putting the scrambled pieces of our present civilization into an understandable pattern than anybody I have met. Nor is his book a mere piece of opinion. It is the product of vast learning, of prodigious scholarship, of painstaking research. If even has charts and diagrams.

Quandary . . .

"Sorokin came into my life the way God came to Saul on the road to Damascus; and I am no less filled with the missionary spirit. I was confused; but everything is clear to me now. What I read and hear makes sense—though not necessarily pleasant sense. For the first time, I understand why life is what it is."

3rd Large Printing, $3.50

THE CRISIS OF OUR AGE
By Pitirim A. Sorokin

Chairman of the Department of Sociology, Harvard University

Published by* E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY • *300 Fourth Avenue* • *New York, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED